

Horizons

Spring 2006 Vol. 23

Drama and Essay, Layout editor, Brad Holland
Fiction and Non-Fiction editor, Amy Deschenes
Poetry editor, Michael A. Smith
Photography/Art editor, Elyse Harrell
WebMaster, Evan Gillette

Faculty editor, Sandra Young

Horizons gratefully acknowledges the financial support from the College of Arts and Sciences, the Department of English and Modern Foreign Languages, Department of Art & Design and Friends of Horizons.

Front cover artwork, *Shattered*, Michael Byrne

Back cover artwork, *March of the Tums #4*, Travis Flynn

This text was set and printed at Ideal Printing Co., New Haven, CT

Copyright 2006 by *Horizons*. All rights reserved to authors, photographers and artists.

Horizons

Spring 2006
Vol. 23

An interdisciplinary, multi-cultural journal celebrating the creativity of
Sacred Heart University students.

Contents

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Publication Notes | Inside Front Cover |
| Title Page | 1 |
| Table of Contents | 2 |
| Your Assignment | 3 |
| Rain | 4 |
| Operation: Zero Tolerance | 6 |
| Gonzo Nights | 8 |
| To Sleep the Night | 9 |
| Out Damned Spot | 10 |
| Elements at Play with Essence | 11 |
| <i>Bananas</i> | 12 |
| Lemons, Please | 13 |
| The Human Motto | 14 |
| A Change of Hands | 15 |
| As Humanity Falls | 16 |
| Swallow, Don't Spit | 18 |
| Renewal | 19 |
| Substantial Emotions | 20 |
| Bread and Sex | 21 |
| Dollface | 22 |
| <i>Alyssa D. #2</i> | 23 |
| The Tale of J. Alfred Smith | 24 |
| <i>Lost</i> | 27 |
| Brrrrrrrrr! | 28 |
| You Think I Think | 30 |
| <i>Ink</i> | 34 |
| <i>Casey</i> | 36 |
| Making Men | 37 |
| <i>Hitchcock</i> | 39 |
| <i>Morgan</i> | 40 |
| <i>Mother & Sons</i> | 41 |
| Masterpiece | 42 |
| <i>Watering Hole</i> | 43 |
| Tomatoes, tomatoes... | 44 |
| Dear Nostalgia. | 46 |
| ALL iS FAiR iN LOVE AND WAR | 47 |
| <i>Decisions</i> | 48 |
| Left Behind | 49 |
| <i>Jack Daniels</i> | 51 |
| Brimstone | 52 |
| <i>Slam</i> | 55 |
| <i>Escape</i> | 56 |
| Back and Forth. | 57 |
| Contributors | 58 |
| Editors | 60 |
| Final Notes | Inside Back Cover |

Your Assignment

Travis Flynn

Devise a poem in twenty lines or less
That challenges your reader
To write his own poem.

Please keep the topic vague,
In order to encourage a wide range of
Spontaneous creativity.

Make sure you set line length restrictions
Because the unschooled poet desperately needs a sense of structure
and limits
Or he will include unnecessary information.

If he decides to write about ninjas,
That would be great.
Aardvarks are good too.

Be sure that your poem sounds like poetry.
If it isn't poetic (if it sounds more like awkward prose),
You can't expect your reader's poem to be either.

Remember, the worst enemy of poetry is redundancy.
Repeat after me: "Redundancy will kill my poem,
Redundancy will kill my poem." Don't forget.

And be sure to keep it under twenty lines,
Because attention spans are much lower
Than... oh, is it snowing outside?

Rain

Vance Fazzino

The rain came crashing down on the little village nestled in the hills of northwestern Connecticut. The world seemed to come to a standstill except for the incessant pounding of the rain. There were sheets of piercing spikes of water. Everyone had scattered to places which were safe and away from the pinging and pelting wetness. The roads of muddy earth were glazed with reflections as bright as those on chargers of polished pewter. The sun had settled behind clouds, grey and heavy, filled with more liquid to drench the land.

It had been weeks of the same conditions. The summer had been clear and sweet, filled with air that had been fresh and bright. The last days of harvest had been just right for the heavy work to be done in the fields. All of the grain, hay and foodstuff had been placed in their vaults for safe winter keeping. The hay was secure in the loft of the big barns, whose shake shingle roofs had expanded to keep out the water. Pumpkins, squashes, cabbages, carrots, onions, other vegetables and all varieties of fruit found refuge in the root cellars.

People could only stay indoors, the women of the village cooked and cleaned, the children helped, then played. The men braved the rain to feed the livestock and muck the barns. Most of the time they sat by the fire, and made or repaired shoes, utensils for the kitchen, or tools and harnesses. Church bells tolled for Sunday services but only a handful of folk attended. The rain kept falling on roads turned into muddy rivers.

September arrived and on the first day the rain had suddenly stopped. The day was clear, warm and bright. Children ran through the soggy, soaked fields, it was as if the world had been reborn. Women quickly began to wash clothing in the large cauldrons suspended over outdoor fires. There was a sense of joy and optimism. The barn doors were flung open wide to let the dry air fill the moisture laden interior, but the animals were reluctant to leave. Beyond the open doors awaited lush, green fresh grass, yet they held back, almost fearful of venturing out. Once prodded to leave the barn, they huddled close together moving as one mass; horses, cows, goats and sheep. They stood like statues not moving toward the fresh food.

When the sun was directly overhead, a chill wind blew down from the hills. With it a dust as fine as any known powder descended on the entire village. It was there, but had no color. It could be felt, but could not be touched. The women said it was the color of afterbirth. The men saw the color of tilled and turned earth, the children saw rainbows, but there was no color. But it was there!

No one was troubled by the fine particles; they landed everywhere but seemed to be absorbed by whatever they touched. After an hour the wind had ceased and the dust had stopped flowing. The rest of the afternoon was bright and beautiful. The clothes dried, the animals

moved slowly in a lazy way and the children, tired by their day in the sun came home to rest. The evening sunset was like no other that could be remembered. The rays of the setting sun were wide vertical bands of color – strange color – acid green, orange, mauve and saffron filling the sky beyond the hills.

As night descended on the village, every person, animal, home, field, tree and rock had a faint phosphorescent and eerie glow. With one mind, almost every person headed for the church. Neighbor greeted neighbor by name, as they walked, able to see each other in the blackness of night and everyone was filled with a frightened giddiness. The stark church, cold, grey white and glowing like all else, gave no warmth or solace to those who arrived. There were no answers from the pulpit to the many questions about what was happening; the only direction put forth was prayer.

A bright flash of lightning illuminated the church's interior, followed by a tremendous clap of thunder that shook the entire building. The people, now tense and nervous about the approaching storm, headed for the door. The thoughts of being soaked after such a wonderful day had everyone out and moving toward their homes. All the townspeople were spared being in caught in the rain, for it came at midnight.

The rain came as it had never before, howling, driving, swirling – moving with a speed and force that soaked everything on, over and under every surface. Houses leaked from the roofs, windows and near the chimneys, dark stains appeared on the plaster walls and the thresholds could not hold back the rising water. Three days of maddening pounding water, then as quickly as it had started, it stopped.

The quiet of the valley was eerie after the onslaught of the rain. It was time to be normal again after such a storm. The cold damp rain gave way to a beautiful clear Indian summer.

Sunday after the rain had ceased it was time to give thanks. Nearly the entire village met to worship; the church was full. People looked ahead at their neighbors in disbelief at the changes which were taking place, but could only stare, for a force had riveted everyone to their seats. They could not cry out for threads had sealed their mouths. Their skin began to show vein like filaments – only the veins were not under the surface – but on it. Thousands of this string like organism twirled and twisted from every human pore and every organic substance tying and binding the people to their seats. Only soft moans and muffled cries could be heard within God's structure.

The people, now captive without eyes, ears or mouths were rooted in place. The filaments began to pulse sending into them, haustoria, small and probing points, root like, which penetrated the places it touched. Through eyelids forced closed, in the blackness came a flash which colored the insides of their world red/orange. And now the fleshy things began to siphon from the incarcerated assembly all the necessary nutrients for a total metamorphosis.

Operation: Zero Tolerance

Jeff Talbot

For what it's worth, every so often I feel an impulse to contribute to society. Not so much to feel a part of the circle, in fact, the more I look around the more appealing quarantine seems; rather my aim is to point out societal slip ups or inquire why, when too many acquiesced in nodding unison. So, my fellow citizens, I lay before you a warning. A warning to be vigilant of the words being hurled at you.

Zero tolerance. In all actuality this store-bought slogan has always been an insult, but I feel as though it has just recently graduated into a fully grown annoyance. Before we delve into this political mutilation of the English language, think back, where have you heard this before? What has zero tolerance been applied to? "We will not tolerate this aggression." "Racism will not be tolerated." "There will be zero tolerance for terrorism." "Drugs will not be tolerated." Sound familiar? Don't let the topics fool you; ethnicity, drugs, terror. It sounds strictly political but zero tolerance is applied to schools, companies, municipalities, and countries alike; and, amazingly, through zero tolerance these institutions all achieve the same end.

Absolutely nothing.

But the phrase sounds poetic doesn't it? Zero tolerance is one of those catchy diddys you almost want to say just to let the words fill your mouth. First off, it is a fascist concept. Hitler and Stalin instituted this philosophy in their countries. The phrase dogmatically adheres to a strict code; the incapability of "tolerating" exceptions or compassion of any kind. Everything is black and white; there are no gradations. Really it is nothing more than a cosmetic cover up designed to impress and comfort simpletons. The words fill the air with a sense of accomplishment when nothing is being done short of uttering the words themselves. In fact, the only result of zero tolerance is an ever tightening grip of control over the poor souls having to "tolerate" hearing the meaningless phrase (I wonder if that's an inside joke with the higher-ups?). The closest zero tolerance ever came to living up to its hype, is when infamous hippie Tommy Chong, was busted during the equally trite War on Drugs phase. The man may have been apathetic and left a trail of half eaten cupcakes in his wake, but he was most certainly not intolerable. Yet another victory for Uncle Sam, the justice-dispensing sentinel.

Take a close look at the words. Zero tolerance. What do they mean? Zero defined as none, not less than or more than. Non-existent.

Tolerance meaning the capacity to endure something, be it a belief or physical infliction, etc... Zero is simple enough to understand and have a general consensus of agreement about, but, tolerance seems to get misconstrued. Tolerance means to put up with something, not accept it. You tolerate a cold or someone's opposing religious views, but you don't accept them. Huge difference. What these manipulative fanatics should be saying is "zero acceptance." After, all that is the implication of "zero tolerance," to eradicate an idea that is deemed unacceptable. If these control-happy nuts want to exercise their ego they should at least do us the credit of using the appropriate words.

Zero tolerance not only does nothing for the problem at hand, it does irreparable damage by ignoring it all together. The phrase brings promise and bestows faith in the exact people you should be wary of. Remember, my fellow ardent patriots, whenever you hear the phrase "Zero Tolerance," grab your hip hugging boots and shovel, because someone is bullshitting you.

Gonzo Nights

Martin Kolwicz



To Sleep the Night

Matthew Robinson

Will you wander too far away tonight?
The dry winter air sends chills upon me.
Stay here and maybe I will sleep the night.

The sun heads west; its glow lingers less bright.
Long straight clouds are fleeting, turning bleary.
Will you wander too far away tonight?

I lean on my window to catch a sight
But I find my breath gazing back at me.
Stay here and maybe I will sleep the night.

I look to the horizon, and despite
The night sky, the wind is my enemy.
Will you wander too far away tonight?

The anchored moon shines off a path of white
On rolling waves, that follow the dark sea.
Stay here and maybe I will sleep the night.

My eyes look back, shadowed by the moon's light.
And I think how still these moments can be.
Will you wander too far away tonight?
Stay here and maybe I will sleep the night.

Out Damned Spot

Christine Fahey

Something is trying to come out
of my head. It obeys no schedule, it defies time.
It's been so long
since I've had a
chemo-free day. Something
in me said

that no matter what the doctor said
I'm never getting out
of this bed. There's Something
in my brain this time---
It feeds on my thoughts, a
darkness longing

to overtake me. Long
ago my mother said
I was a
dangerous child. I'd run out
into traffic time
and again chasing something

she never could see. I wonder why some things
never change. It seems like I've always longed
for someone to understand what I'm reaching for. Time
mocks my quest. The nurse said
Dr. Nichols is out
today. She's holding a

file. I wonder if it's a
good report. Last week the doctor wrote something
about the pressure I feel inside, that we'll work on sorting out
the underlying issues. It's not that the mass is so long
the specialist said
it's that 4 inches in a month puts us on a tight time

schedule. Time
means nothing to me anymore. Just a
further extension of pain. The doctor said
he could give me something
that would put me under for a long
while. I'll find my answers when my soul flies out.

Elements at Play with Essence

Stephanie Lawless

Bright Sunshine brought on swift cool winds
Illuminating tossing branches, swirling leaves and

Me

Brief Night Shadows flickering past, or bearing longer visits
While slow herds of clouds push their way through the sky and

My eyes

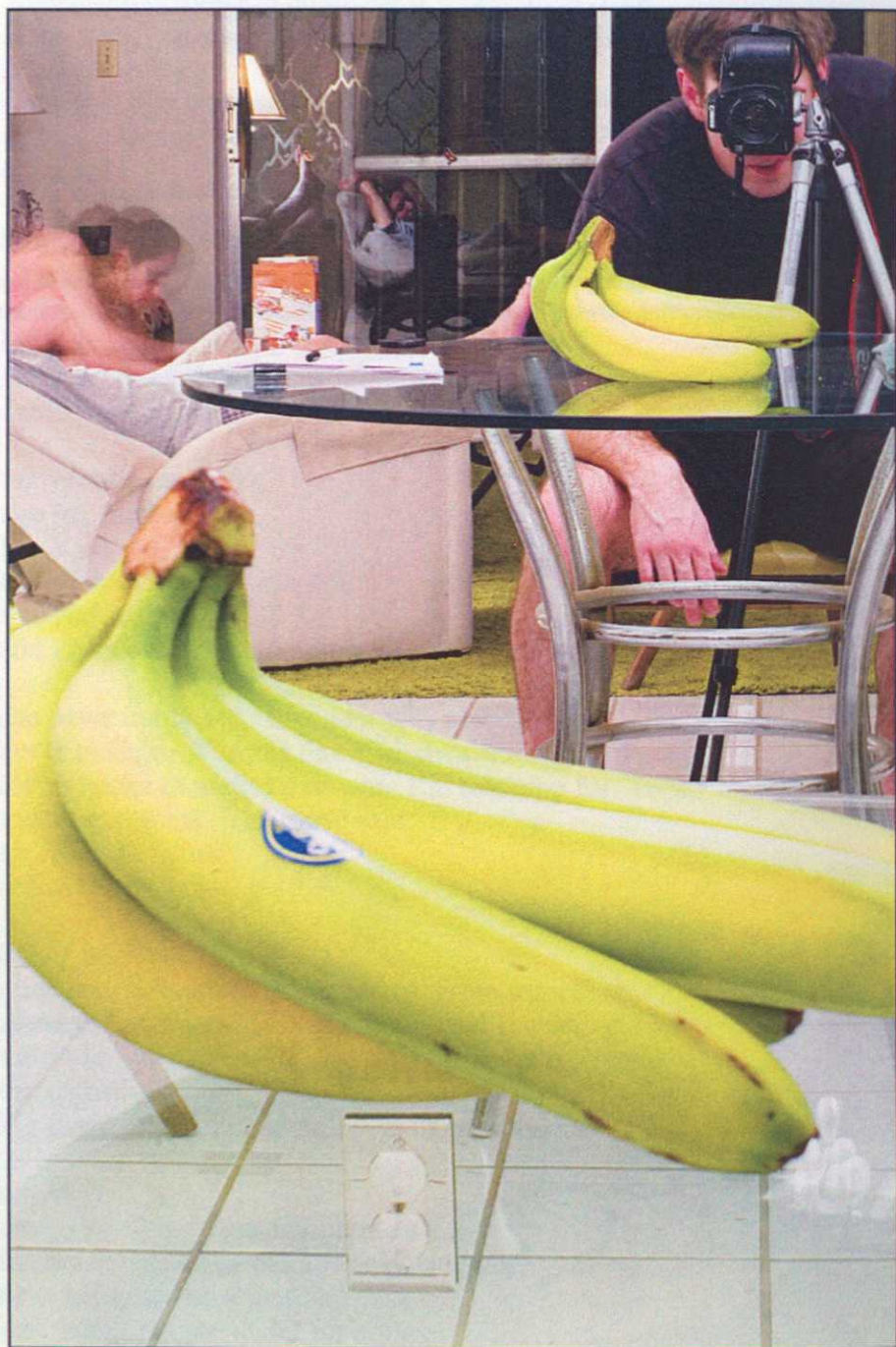
Sun and Wind that moves the Clouds are both out in gleeful force today
Wind sliding cool through the window ajar, Sun baking the glass of the window

Behind which I sit

Intensely Blue Skies interspersed with densely springy shades illuminated at the edges
By Pure Incandescence glowing strong, Till the Warm Luminosity of the Heavens bursts
Irrepressible through my vision

Bananas

Travis Flynn



Lemons, Please

Travis Flynn

At least once each week, throughout my elementary school campaign, someone in the class would approach me and ask, "How did you get to be so tall?" Believe it or not, I once was a gangling beast among proportionate tikes. In fact, in a school-wide production of "The Wizard of Oz," as all the other kindergarteners filled the roles of cute jovial munchkins, the director said she had a special role for me. "Do I get to be the tin man?" No, no Travis. We already asked Tommy to play the tin man. Besides, you don't want to wear all that tin for the entire play, do you? "I suppose not. Oh, I know! I get to be the scarecrow!" Well, not quite. Josh is the scarecrow. We already packed his shirt with straw. His part isn't that much fun anyway. "Who could I be, then? Oooo! Oooo! I know! I get to be the lion!" Umm, no. You see, Chris made the tail during art class. "Maybe Chris will let..." Travis, Travis, we don't want to bother Chris while he's memorizing his lines. Besides, we have the perfect part for you. Stand right next to the tree. Good. Now crouch down and grab your knees. You are going to be the best rock.

For the next four years I grew like a bean stalk in a tub of banana peels. By fourth grade, I was a five-foot-four tower of skin and bones. Two years later, finally in the sixth grade, I stood taller than most of my teachers at five-ten. Every time a paper airplane settled above the blackboard, I was called upon to retrieve the craft. After several weeks of rescuing planes, kick balls, and kittens, I began to question why I was so tall. After all, my dad was only five-nine—my mom five-seven.

I began to analyze what made me so tall. I slept a lot—at least nine hours most nights. But Steve said he only slept for seven hours, and he was five-six. I often swung on the swing set, but Jenny, Suzy, and Sally were swinging for hours at a time, and they couldn't even reach the top of my head. I picked my nose a lot, but so did Carlito.

After much pondering, I remembered my favourite fruit from when I was young. Every day, for three years, I ate a slice of a lemon; that's right, I consumed over 100 lemons when I was little. I surmised that the citric acid broke down the strands that held my body together.

When I told all my friends about my strange ritual, some of them tried it. Most didn't last a week. In fact, some dropped out before finishing the first slice.

The Human Motto

Carla Asencio

Embrace the smoldering chill of pain
let its fingers rain upon the skin
leaving rivers of numbness as a signature.

Sign the heart away to frozen compassion
its icy attraction irresistible to ignore
unallowing growth by burning the soul.

Torture the spirit with immortal life
its sporadic crashes eagerly awaited
relaxing tensions of breaking the cycle.

A Change of Hands

Erin Maurer

You keep pulsing the beat to which they trek,
Acting not as the soldier in the fore-
Front, but the hidden cannon in the back-
Ground. Why are you constricting evermore?

The break once set by the peak of the light
But taken over by a crowing from
Afar in the distance. Now black marks might
Sit upon white: awaiting hands to come.

I just wish I knew more, is it wrong
To ask? Is there really reason? Or rhyme?
How must it feel to have been all along?
Keep thinking! Someone needs to know this time.

Let's buy more. Go investigate the crime
Running out. I wish I could stop this time.

As Humanity Falls

Katrina Coll

Mankind: our own worst enemy and our own worst sickness. Perhaps someday we will be able to discover a cure from our own sickening disease-ridden souls. What happened here is a tragedy. Will we ever be able to keep ourselves away from each other and our own worst fears? When we find out, it may be too late.

The sun spread its morning rays across the dead black barren land. Black spike-looking objects pronounced themselves at unnatural angles from the decaying maggot infested dirt. The ground was a mixture of cement, concrete, metal, and chunks of flesh. It appeared to creep, but it was only the maggots and the larvae that were in their constant state of gorging. The ground was quite perilous to walk on, since there was a large army of metal that perhaps had once belonged to a car or the side of a building, whose only contentment was to trip the occasional unwary person; if there had been any.

As the sun began to proceed with the morning ritual, turning violet to blood red, the catastrophe became more visible. Stray arms and legs seemed to be weeping for their lost homes. A torn pant-leg with the bloodstains of the missing foot hung on a jutting blue and white stripped piece of metal, maybe a swing set.

Skeletons of once proud and prominent buildings stared out from the abyss, their black eyes empty and lifeless. The black spires may have been buildings, but there was no one to identify them. There were too many unidentifiable mounds that needed to be wept over, or maybe they were just piles of dirt. The history of the scattered skeletons was one of shock; it was plain on their drawn faces and disbelieving eyes. Their own kind had betrayed them. They were destroyed because of their selfish fighting. Their disagreements had ruined everyone's world. The destruction made the remnants of buildings twist, almost as if they were sneering with their last breath, saying with their bony carcasses that they were still there, even if no one else was.

Faces were half-buried in the worm infested ground, or maybe they were from the clothing store's supply of dummies. Glassy eyes were half-open and caked with dirt and dust that still managed to hold the sheen of half cried tears. Bruised and lonely hands were scattered, as if death had held the cards of their fates, and had tossed them aimlessly to fly in the wind. Fingers lay sprinkled about, prominently showing the prominent shade of blue in them. Pieces of burnt flesh were stuck onto every conceivable surface, the stench overpowering all else, but it could have been from a pizza in the oven too long. Bits of clothing wished vehemently for their previous owners. Multitudes of fallen electric and telephone wires were everywhere, along with fires. Everything was burnt; very few things survived the fires that radiated in every direction. Electrical equipment of every sort sat helplessly half melted, half burned, in the dead ashen dirt.

There may have been other things in the sea of ash, and someone might have cared to find them, if there had been someone. But there

was not a soul to be found, except for one boy, who stood motionless, a statue in the rubble.

"I know," the young boy uttered, his voice cracking with disuse, "I saw." His frail and thin frame shook when he inhaled and exhaled, like an old paper doll. His head was tilted faintly to the side, the muscles of his face hanging limply. A tuft of his hair when he spoke drifted from above his ear, dropping onto the ground in a puff.

The sun revealed its face, the full circle hanging perilously above the skyline in the morning air. The now golden sunlight caressed the ashen taut cheek of the boy, as well as the bones of the once magnificent buildings. His colorless hair seemed to absorb the golden rays of the sun, as if hungry for signs of life. Glazed brown eyes would have cried if they could, but the mind was vacant. An angry wind swirled through the newly made plains, stirring up dirt and dust.

"Yes," his voice shook uncertainly, "I saw everything." He seemed to struggle with the forming of familiar words, now strangely foreign. "I am the only one left." His blank stare fell to the black ground. "All alone." His arms hung limply at his sides, hands coated with ash and blood, some probably his own. The once proud white tee shirt was now a combination of melancholy gray and ruby red. The pant-leg he wore was torn at the knee, revealing multiple gashes down his leg. Black blood was caked in the gash from neglect, the yellow flesh beginning to flower from infection. Small shiny black bugs crawled over the wound as if it was their new home, and they were bringing in their baggage. He seemed to be unaware of most things around him, his mind numbing his senses from the terrible monstrosities that surrounded him.

"It came so suddenly... so suddenly..." He coughed, his body doubling over with the effort. "I didn't know what it was... so suddenly. The ground shook... I heard screams... I was screaming. I was running! The ground would not stop trembling! I was screaming. Everything... Everything..." He took a breath, winded from the effort of talking, even though there was no one to listen. "Everything is gone," he said, his words dissipating in the wind.

Suddenly, but very slowly, he fell to his knees, a cloud of dust rising from the newly made cemetery of rotting corpses. He hunched forward, his head leaning forward and down, gradually hitting the ground with the crown of his head. His breathing was uneven, and the lips he breathed through trembled as he coughed, just once.

Each labored breath became weaker and softer, the colorless void taking away his life. With his few remaining breaths, he murmured the words "Save us from..." It seemed that at that moment, he forgave whoever did this to his beloved city, and released his last breath into the dead world.

His body toppled over, the skeletons of buildings looking on, heartless, soulless, and feeling no remorse. It was not their fault, after all. His own kind destroyed them, and that poor boy. They destroyed everything. They remained motionless, statues in the rubble, like silent observers to what happened.

Swallow, Don't Spit

Jessica Ciemnecki

M&M's brightly relish in its package
Break the bag and devour the sweets
Each candy coated morsel colors the tongue
The residue of sugar penetrates the teeth
The melting in the mouth muffles reason

Crunch, Munch, Munch, Crunch....colors splatter over the palate.
The cocky M&M's assume superiority while the peanut M&M's sip
martinis smiling at the digestion.

Renewal

Amy Deschenes

I've been waiting for you here in the stacks, restless and willing;
Your piercing glance ignites a forgotten desire within me.
Then the familiar foreplay begins as it always does;
Like some sort of karmic rebirth, that can only lead to pleasure,
Reach out for me. Wanting every part of me this time:
My symbolic face, my descriptive hips, my allegorical legs.
Your scorching touch is calm, but your eyes are frenzied.
I revel in how my words excite you and spark passion in your mind
We are worn by years, but there is still a shared, wide-eyed, spark
The first time we were both novices at the game, like giddy virgins.
Now there is a comfort and skill in this perfect consummation.
Gently run your fingers along my spine and pluck me from the shelf;
Caress my cover and turn me over in your hands to awaken my memory.
Erase the careless fingerprints others have left on my body, on my soul.
Open me up. Unfold the crease from the place you last left me,
And though I haven't felt your skilled touch in ages,
I remember the shape of your hands, their warm roughness.
Your expert fingers rifle me gently and make my heart flutter.
Run your hands and gaze over my cold pages; I will become new again.

Substantial Emotions

Travis Flynn

So there I hid, in the corner of a room of baking bread, filled with anticipation. I had sent her the invite—I found the most reliable messenger I could afford—but still I worried she would not show. I knew this would happen. I *knew* it. Every time I try to be creative and romantic, she loses interest. This is the last time I try to do something special for Valentines Day. Oh, wait. Here she comes. Stay down. Quiet.

She turns the door handle and carefully enters the room. After a moment, she makes her way to an oven, takes out a piece of bread, and taps it with her knuckles. He remains in the corner.

I can't imagine why she is tapping the loaf of bread, but her rhythm is beginning to pull me into a trance. It is as if her knuckles were made for the loaf of bread, and my ears for that sound.

As the music fades, he becomes curious and shifts his position so that he can see her from behind the counter. She appears startled, but then continues her devotion.

As she rubs her hands along the bread, I can remember the time we spent together, alone in the garden, memorizing each other's hands before sharing a tomato and slurping up the stray juices.

As he loses himself in fantasy, she plucks a small piece off the loaf and drops it into her mouth while she continues to stroke the bread.

Bread and Sex

Pamela Manns

Once I entered a room of baking bread. The heady smell of yeast filled the air. I pulled the baked bread out of the warm oven, and rapped my knuckles on the hot crust to hear its hallow sound. I ran my finger tips down the bread, over the slashed top, lightly so my hands would not get burned. I felt the heat and the rough outer layer and took in that aroma. It wrapped around me like a cloak, and I felt the heat run down my body, tip to sole. I yearned for it, desired it. I broke off the smallest piece and let it melt away, but I wanted more. I wanted to see what was inside. What would the grain look like? Would the taste linger? Disappear? I ran my fingers down the bread again, and fought the urge to ravage it, and find out its mysteries. I wondered what the texture would be like; would the warmth stay with me? Would it be satisfying? I waited, antsy with anticipation.

My lover was in the kitchen too. His sounds were familiar, his smells were familiar. I knew how he tasted, yet I could run my fingers down his skin and still feel the heat. Knowing, yet unsure of what comes next, I waited, antsy with anticipation.

Dollface

Samantha Cerami

Barbie Doll,

whose tiny heels fit snug to her bound feet,
holds a cold beer and glistens on Ken's arm;
bronze as a Malibu trophy.

With no sex parts, only sex appeal,
she smiles as the corvette
takes her home for curfew.

China Doll,

whose lashes shut on the command of your finger,
stands with lips painted thick as a fence
and waits for a playmate
to show off her lacey skirt.

Rag Doll,

whose threaded smile snags on a fingernail,
lays on her back in the same spot as last night.
With her thick body and dirty freckles,
she prays for the pillow to be lifted from her face.

Baby Doll,

whose skin looks and kisses like heavy cream,
screams from her crib in the dark of the night;
blue eyes and naked flesh squirm from a nightmare.
She cries for her daddy to rinse off her tears,
change her diaper, and re-tip the milk in her plastic bottle.

Alyssa D. #2

Travis Flynn



The Tale of J. Alfred Smith

Shaun Mitchell

Act One, Scene One

(The curtain rises to reveal a modern day bar, styled like a 1950's saloon, in Hollywood, California. Only two people are sitting at the bar plus the bartender and narrator, SMITTY. J. ALFRED SMITH comes walking in wearing a trench coat and fedora. He looks like a real big shot. He takes off the coat and hat, only to reveal his janitor outfit. He sits at the bar. SMITTY comes over to him.)

SMITTY: The usual, Joe?

JOE: Yeah, I guess.

(SMITTY goes about getting the drink while still carrying on the conversation.)

SMITTY: So what's new, Joe?

JOE: Eh, not too much. Woke up, went to work, and now I'm here. The usual Friday.

SMITTY: Sounds pretty nice to me.

JOE: Sure. I guess.

SMITTY: You guess?

JOE: Yeah. I don't know. I've been crabby all day. I woke up on the wrong side of the bed. You know the side where nobody else is sleeping; the side where my imaginary wife is supposed to be.

SMITTY: *(Sarcastic)* Joe, you're positively beaming with happiness right now.

JOE: *(Laughing)* Yeah, I guess I am. Yet you still can make me laugh, Smitty. That's what I like about you.

SMITTY: I try. So, why are you glum today?

JOE: Because I'm always getting the usual. I get the usual drink on my usual Friday.

SMITTY: But you like your Tom Collins and peanuts. You always get that.

JOE: That's the problem, Smitty. I'm always getting the same things from life. Nothing in my life changes. Everything is constant.

SMITTY: You live in Los Angeles, Joe. You're probably the only person who can honestly say that with some hint of disgust. Do you know how many people would kill for the easy life you have? People like us are the lucky ones. Not everyone has something constant in their life.

JOE: But do you know what I would do for something in my life to change?

SMITTY: There's a simple solution to that, Joe. You have to ask yourself one question.

JOE: I don't want to know it right now. It will just get me frustrated.

SMITTY: Alright. Suit yourself.

JOE: I have a question for you though.

SMITTY: Oh yeah? What's that?

JOE: You work here everyday and you have been for the past twenty years. You take the same shift each day and you live the same life each day. Tell me, Smitty, did you ever feel like changing your life?

SMITTY: Of course I have.

JOE: Now my other question is: why haven't you?

SMITTY: Because I'm content with the life that I have. Sure I dream a lot, but I have a beautiful wife, two successful daughters, and I'm

sixty years old. I can't change now, even if I wanted to. But I don't. And you, you're young. You have so much time to change the things in your life.

JOE: Look at me, Smitty. What do you see?

SMITTY: I see Joe Alfred Smith. A twenty-nine year old Hollywood native who works in a major motion picture studio as a janitor; I see a well educated college graduate. I see the closest thing I have to a son. I see potential. But *(pause)* I also see an enigma that I can't figure out.

JOE: I'm an enigma now?

SMITTY: You are a friend above all else to me, but you're also one big question.

JOE: I don't even want to know it. I don't like questions.

SMITTY: That's good, because I wouldn't know how to phrase it.

JOE: It's this town, Smitty; growing up in this town. It's disillusioned me.

SMITTY: How is that, Joe?

JOE: It's Hollywood. It's the movie capitol of the world, you know? I grew up watching them in the different movie houses around town. I grew up hanging around the studios. I grew up believing in the magic. It's funny, you know? You see something being made, then you watch the final product and you know it can't be real. It just can't. But you believe it anyway. You believe it because that is all you have. Then reality hits and there is a struggle to find out what is supposed to be real and what is supposed to be fiction. Sometimes that little moment of escape turns into people's lifetimes. I don't want that to be me. I don't want to be living a dream. . . .

Continued online at:

http://www.sacredheart.edu/pages/13324_the_tale_of_j_alfred_smith_shaun_mitchell.cfm

Lost

Michael Byrne



Brrrrrrrrrr!

Lindsay Halle

frig-id

adj.

- 1 Extremely cold. See Synonyms at cold.
- 2 Lacking warmth of feeling.
- 3 Stiff and formal in manner: a frigid refusal to a request.
- 4 Persistently averse to sexual intercourse.

I've heard it said that society is anti-single women. This statement is only partially true. Society is against single women who have made a conscious choice to be that way. If a woman is single, society pities her in her incomplete state. People try to set her up on dates to save her from her loneliness. A beautiful single girl is considered a waste of a perfect mate.

A single girl is supposed to focus on one thing and one thing only: finding a boyfriend. She must spend every waking moment scoping out prospective partners in hopes of finding her perfect match. It doesn't matter if she has other goals in mind. She must join the rest of the paired-off mainstream. If a woman is not interested in being in a relationship, something must be seriously wrong. The thought that she may just be focusing on other things is inconceivable. How dare she put herself and her own goals first! She should be in the trenches with the rest of the twenty-somethings, searching frantically for a companion.

I am one of the many women who live like this, and it's getting old. I'm tired of going home for a break from school and being asked if I have a boyfriend by every person I see. "Hi! How's school? Do you have a boyfriend?" Why is this always the script people follow? I feel as though I could win the Nobel Prize in astrophysics but the focus of the conversation would shift instantly to finding a boyfriend. "Wow! That's amazing. You know, my nephew loves astrophysics. I should give you his number. You two would have a great time together."

After the initial shock of not having a boyfriend wears off, the next question is always "Well, do you like anyone?" This is where all of the trouble comes in. It is okay to admit that you don't have a boyfriend. You get pity and the numbers of a lot of nephews or grandsons or cousins twice removed. Who knows, maybe one of them actually is a nice guy.

But stating that you aren't interested in anyone is unacceptable. Even my best of friends look skeptical when I state that I'm not currently attracted to anyone. It's impossible to not have a crush. It is no longer considered having high standards to be single. People assume that you are some kind of cruel, man-hating feminist who still rants about women making 76 cents for every man's dollar. And in guy talk, feminist equals cold.

There are different levels to coldness. A girl doesn't start out cold. She may just be a tad bit chilly. Perhaps she is a more cynical of love after ending a relationship. Or she has had a series of terrible dates. If the girl remains chilly for a long period of time, she will evolve and be considered cold. A cold girl is one who obviously holds a grudge. A cold girl always ends up being the cock-block at bars and parties. She sits and listens to her girlfriends complain about their trials and tribulations in the world of dating, but she secretly wishes she was in their situation. A cold girl can still be saved as long as she still claims to be interested in eventually dating again. A good wingman is the perfect cure.

But if a girl says that she isn't interested, there is only one thing that she can be: frigid. Once you are dubbed as frigid, almost all hope is lost. In men's eyes, you are a bitch. An ice queen. You aren't invited out because you find your friends' attempts to "hook-up" so futile, you can't help but laugh. People refuse to see romantic movies with you because you over-analyze them to prove that the relationship will be over the second the credits start rolling. Friends stop trying to set you up with people because you "always say no anyway."

Once your friends give up hope, your own hope is soon to follow. You think "What is wrong with me? Should I lower my standards? Would that even help? Maybe (and it hurts to say this one out loud), maybe guys just aren't attracted to me. Maybe I'm not pretty enough, or I'm too brainy, or too confident. Maybe I'm going to spend the rest of my life alone."

Pretty depressing, right? I wish that were all. But once you reach the completely frigid stage, the last label that follows is the most detrimental to your date-ability. If you're focused on your own goals and aren't interested in any guys, you must be a lesbian! That is the only logical explanation!

So then you get to thinking. "Oh my god, maybe I'm a lesbian and everyone knows it but me! That's why guys aren't attracted to me. They sensed the dyke vibe and steered clear. I've had some really close friends who are lesbians. Did they sense it and never tell me? Have I been suppressing the urge to wear Birkenstocks and listen to Melissa Etheridge? Should I transfer to Smith and major in Women's Studies? Oh my god! My life as I know it has been a lie!"

And then you snap the hell out of it. You remember that you don't choose to be a lesbian; you either are one or you aren't. Although people may see you as frigid, you prefer the term focused. And you know that you're never going to lower your standards, so it's not even worth it to pretend you might.

So the next time you're asked why you don't have a boyfriend, don't get defensive. Simply state that the guys you've met so far are either in a relationship or complete dumb asses, and neither one of those is your type. A wise woman once told me "it only takes one." So keep on calling us determined girls "frigid." There is bound to be a guy out there who is up for a challenge. I'm waiting for him.

You Think, I Think

Matthew Robinson

"Truths are illusions of which one has forgotten that they *are* illusions" Friedrich Nietzsche states in Truth and Falsity in an Ultramoral Sense. Usually statements like this one infuriate politicians who accuse academia for getting too far from reality. But the quote illustrates a point Martin Heidegger elaborates on in "A Letter on Humanism." Heidegger shows the weakness in believing in "truths," and if we do assume them to be truths, ultimately, one strays away from reality. Reality for Heidegger is a correlation between thinking and being. One's being is defined by thinking, but if one uses established forms of thinking or artificial modes of thought, he does not dwell in *his* being. Although these *systems* are pragmatic in certain applications, they should not make up the entirety of one's being. Humans are susceptible to believe in these systems which, according to Heidegger, will lead them away from their own being. In sum, Heidegger, shows the vulnerability of such systems as well as the detachment of being when one assumes these artificial systems.

The story of Heraclitus explains the relation between thinking in regards to being. It is as follows:

The story is told of something Heraclitus said to some strangers who wanted to come visit him. Having arrived, they saw him warming himself at a stove. Surprised, they stood there in consternation- above all because he encouraged them, the astounded ones, and called for them to come in with the words, 'For here too the gods are present' Heidegger explains, the foreigners who wish to visit the thinker expect to catch sight of him perchance at that very moment when, sunk in profound meditation, he is thinking. The visitors want this "experience" not in order to be overwhelmed by thinking but simply so they can say they saw and heard someone everybody says is a thinker.

The crucial point that the visitors miss is that thinking has no home. Heraclitus can be in deep meditation while warming himself by the stove. Thinking, pure original thinking, has no special place; it doesn't sit on bookshelves; or come out the mouths of "experts."

Moreover, it doesn't come with the pursuit of "logical thought." This "logical thought" has led the visitors to think as they do. They think great thoughts come from deep meditation; this seems to be the 'logical hypothesis' of such greatness. For Heidegger, thinking does not need to take part in the logical.

Philosophy wishes to set up pillars on which to stand, and usually, logic is the first brick laid down. But thinking in its rigor allows this foundation. In another words, pure thinking allows logic to take place. Heidegger, points out that in speaking against logic seems to support the illogical, "Because we are speaking against "logic" people believe we are demanding that the rigor of thinking be renounced and in its place the arbitrariness of drives and feelings be installed and thus that

"irrationalism" be proclaimed as true. For what is more "logical" than that whoever speaks against logical is defending the alogical" (1063). The quotation marks signify the systems in which Heidegger wishes to expose. Heidegger does not argue for the "illogical," but he goes beyond the system of logic, since of course the illogical is within the framework of logical. Being is beyond the system of logic.

Logic originates with Plato and Aristotle, but as soon as Philosophy is defined "the love wisdom" it has already begun to lose the essence of thinking. This happens when one attempts to find "wisdom." The entirety of western philosophy consumes itself with itself. Heidegger states, "By and by philosophy becomes a technique for explaining from highest causes. One no longer thinks; one occupies himself with 'philosophy'" (1054). The quest is no longer to think originally, but to add to philosophy; it becomes a system, a *techne*, an instrument set up for "*education*." Education is italicized to reiterate that educated in this sense is climbing up an already-made ladder, while thinking is in itself its own destiny and paves new roads of thinking. Moreover, when thinking becomes a *techne*, more systems are set up. Heidegger states, "such names as "logic," "ethics," and "physics" begin to flourish only when original thinking comes to an end" (1054). In order to think purely, one must break from the technical strategies of thinking.

The prevalence of such artificial thinking consumes the modern age. Language itself has made difficult to decipher it all. Heidegger states, "Language thereby falls into the service of expediting communication along routes where objectification – the uniform accessibility of everything to everyone – branches out and disregards all limits. In this way language comes under the dictatorship of the public realm which decides in advance what is intelligible and what must be rejected as unintelligible" (1054). Language becomes the "highway" of being; and those who pave the road decide which route it takes. In this way, the public controls language and also being, (if one chooses to listen). Thus, "Language still denies us its essence: that it is the house of Being. Instead, language surrenders itself to our mere willing and trafficking as an instrument of domination over beings" (1055). Instead of language as route between one original thinker to another, it is used as tool over those who do not participate in thinking.

In order to participate in Being, one must rid oneself of the technical account of thinking. And this Being is more than just to negate the public realm since such a negation is still dependent on the exact thing it negates. In order to really participate in thinking, one must not let the *techne* of thinking overcome them. As Heidegger states, "But if man is to find his way once again into the nearness of Being he must first learn to exist in the nameless...taking the risk that under this claim he will seldom have much to say" (1055). Paradoxically, the difficulty stems from one's conditioning of philosophy since the nature of Being itself is simple. One looks for thinking or answers outside of the self, but it is not an ascent, but a descent into subjectivity and stepping down from the ascent of the established objectivity.

The descent back into Being can be frightening; it is much easier to let someone else do one's thinking. Moreover, as soon one sees Being for what truly is, original thinking, it may be difficult to let go of what is previously thought. Additionally, to overcome such objectivity of thought, it takes a disciplined individual since there is a large amount of effort to displace inauthentic Being. As stated above, when near being, one must exist in the nameless. The persona of T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" goes through his own self-actualization in terms of being. He does not come to a concrete resolution, but becomes frightened of such a quest to descend into his Being.

The persona of the poem is at a crossroad between his perceived reality and his Being. In lines 37-41:

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair--
[They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"]

He debates within himself the different paths in which to take. Time is a theme which reoccurs throughout the poem, but in this stanza it shows how time mounts on someone in the realm of their Being. For one who does not take part in their Being or thinking, Time is not much of an issue since one is not at the helm of their decisions. In other words, time is not much of an issue for those people who go "through the motions." Moreover, he deviates from his Being by following the public realm. He has considered to descend the stair, but worries of their judgments. Beside the speaker's apparent lack of confidence, the speaker allows the public realm to be higher than his being. Instead of considering hair loss as a natural condition, he automatically considers it a fault since it does not correlate with objective Being. The next lines continue the quest into being:

Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

The word "universe" can be interpreted as either a separate entity in which the speaker does not wish to bother or as a universe in which the speaker is part of and perhaps even the center of. If the first interpretation is used it is not as persuasive with the incorporation of the next lines since time is part of the universe and if one is making decisions they must be part of that universe. Moreover, the element of time reflects upon the concept of Being. Without the established forms of thought, one is the midst of the subjective, thus the smallest amount of time can seem a lot longer. Moreover, in the realm of the subjective, one's mind can change drastically.

As the poem continues, the speaker seems resigned about his place in life since he does not value his being highly against accepted objective accounts of greatness. In the lines 111-9:

No! I am not Prince Hamlet nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, the Fool.

The speaker now questions his ability in himself. He then places himself within the public realm. He does not place himself outside of it, moreover, he doesn't even negate the public realm; he concedes into it. All the roles he places himself in a subordinate position. He is an attendant lord, advisor to the prince, tool, a fool. All these terms revolve around someone or something other than the speaker. This may be the most despondent point of them all. He's existence, more specifically his essence, is defined by someone else.

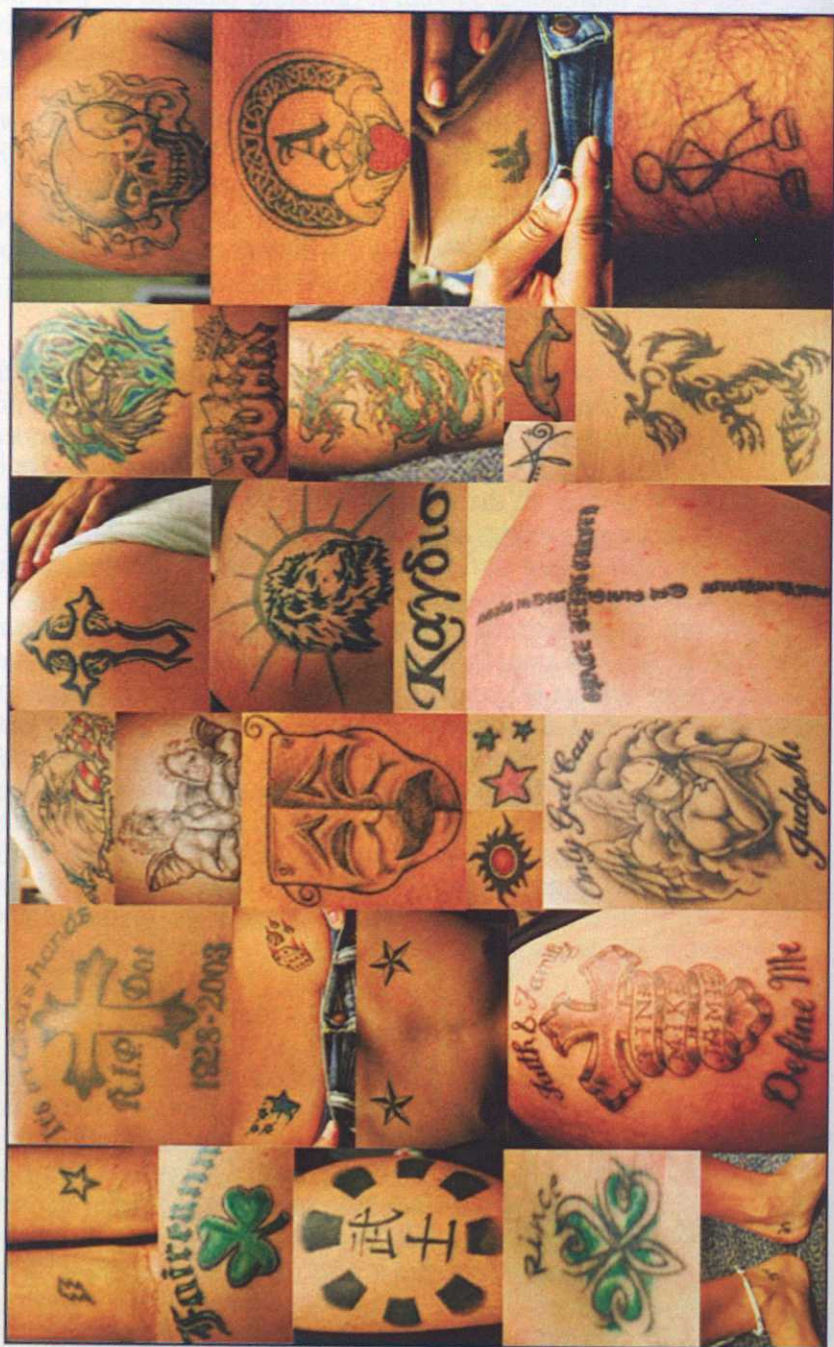
The poem reacts to the pressures of the public realm in the modern age. Modernity has transformed men into a mass. Also, both works were written at least 60 years ago and obviously much has changed. The term modern has taken on even more connotations. But both works display the difficulty of such a time. Heidegger points to the inhumanity in subscribing to objective ways of thought, but he does assume that such a descent into subjectivity can lead to solitude. The speaker of the poem puts this difficulty of finding his being to the forefront. With the increasing number of flourishing systems, it becomes increasingly difficult to pull away the debris of the synthetic and descend back into one's subjective Being.

Works Cited

- Eliot T.S. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." *Collected Poems: 1909-1962*. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1970. 3-7.
- Heidegger, Martin. "A Letter on Humanism." *Critical Theory Since Plato* Ed. Hazard Adams and Leroy Searle. Boston: Thomson Wadsworth, 2005. 1051-70.

Ink

Elyse Harrell



Column One: Valerie Bellagarde, Mike Barrett, Ryan Arroya, Katie Cosgrove, Brianna Plosky, Nicole Guilbert

Column Two: Alonzo Meek, Megan Borges, Mark Webber, James Minieri

Column Three: Brett Jones, Kelly Conlon, Matt Libiassi, Kristin Ferreira, / Shannon Ianni

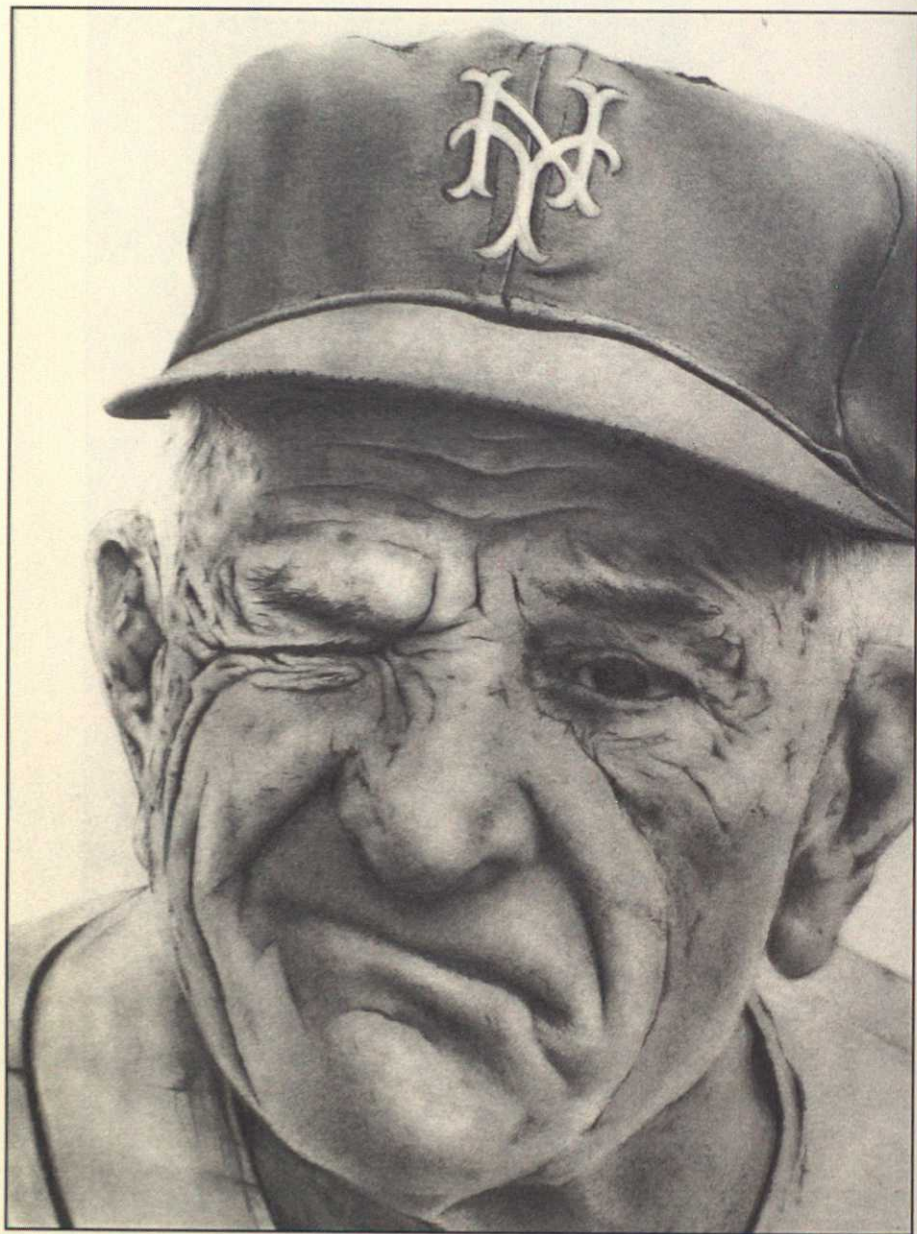
Column Four: Ryan Arroya, John Walker, Adam Kagids, Michael Smith,

Column Five: Mike Bibbo, John Hiers, Joe Pezza, Shannon Ianni, Danielle Nobrega, Jamie Killis

Column Six: Mark Webber, Alison Peters, Valerie Bellagarde, Matt Libiassi

Casey

Michael Ivers



Making Men

Athena Soriero

Ladies. We are the mothers, wives, sisters, teachers, and friends of men. We are the people who mold them into who they are. For us to complain now that men are pigs who are unable to commit is really almost laughable. Men are not to blame for the death of chivalry and the lack commitment. We are. YES, we are. We should not settle for being treated equal. What is so great about equal? We should want to be treated by a man better than the way he treats other men. We need pull our leashes a little tighter and start realizing that we should not accept the way men are. We need remember that it is not ok for a guy to "adjust" himself in front of us. It is not ok for a man to cuss every other word in conversation. It is not ok for a man talk about his masturbation habits.

Every time a man opens a door for a woman and gets told that she is perfectly capable of opening it for herself...another gentleman is dead. Half of us want a man who will open up doors, pull out chairs, and give up their jackets if we're cold. The rest of us could give two shits less about any of that and take a chivalrous or even a kind gesture as an insult. Now instead of being scolded for laziness they can simply play the "equality card." This is our fault for ever telling a man to stop waiting on us hand and foot.

And yes....the reason why guys don't want to commit is our fault as well. When our grandmothers were our age holding hands was a big deal. When our grandmothers were our age people went steady before kissing. When our grandmothers were our age boys were intimidated by girls. When our grandmothers were our age boys respected girls. When our grandmothers were our age boys wanted a sweetheart or girl by his side. This has all changed and the reason is quite simple. It's not the guys who've changed, no....we have. Boys 50 years ago were the same as boys today. The difference is us. Now-a-days a guy doesn't have to be "going steady" or even be dating a girl to get in her pants. It's possible....very possible for a guy to sleep with a girl not only on the first date, but without even knowing her name. For some odd reason feelings and years of commitment and dating have been traded for a couple drinks at the bar and any attempt at a pick-up line. When our grandmothers were our age a slut was an outcast. A slut was dirty. A slut would never get married. A slut would disgrace her family. A slut would never be respected. But now, a slut is idolized.

A slut now is an independent woman who knows what she wants. The four sluts of the HBO show Sex and the City, have been idolized. Don't get me wrong, I loved that show, even rented all the seasons and watched them on DVD. But love them or not those four divas are sluts, huge ones. So now back to how our inability to keep our legs closed has ruined men. We have Americanized sex. We have created McSex. Instead off waiting for a home cooked meal or even 20 minutes at a casual dine restaurant we'd rather speed through the drive thru. So why would any semi-intelligent man want to be in a relationship or make any kind of commitment when getting a girl in bed has become so effortless?

Chivalry is so near death, but it can be resuscitated. We must start demanding respect and commanding gentlemanly behavior. When we realize that a man has to prove himself worthy and earn the tremendous privilege to enter us, we will rule. We have come so far and earned so much to let such a little thing slip through our clutches. We cannot forget that we are queens...goddesses....muses, warriors and empresses. Powerful we are. And like all that is power, the world should bow at our feet....the world including men.

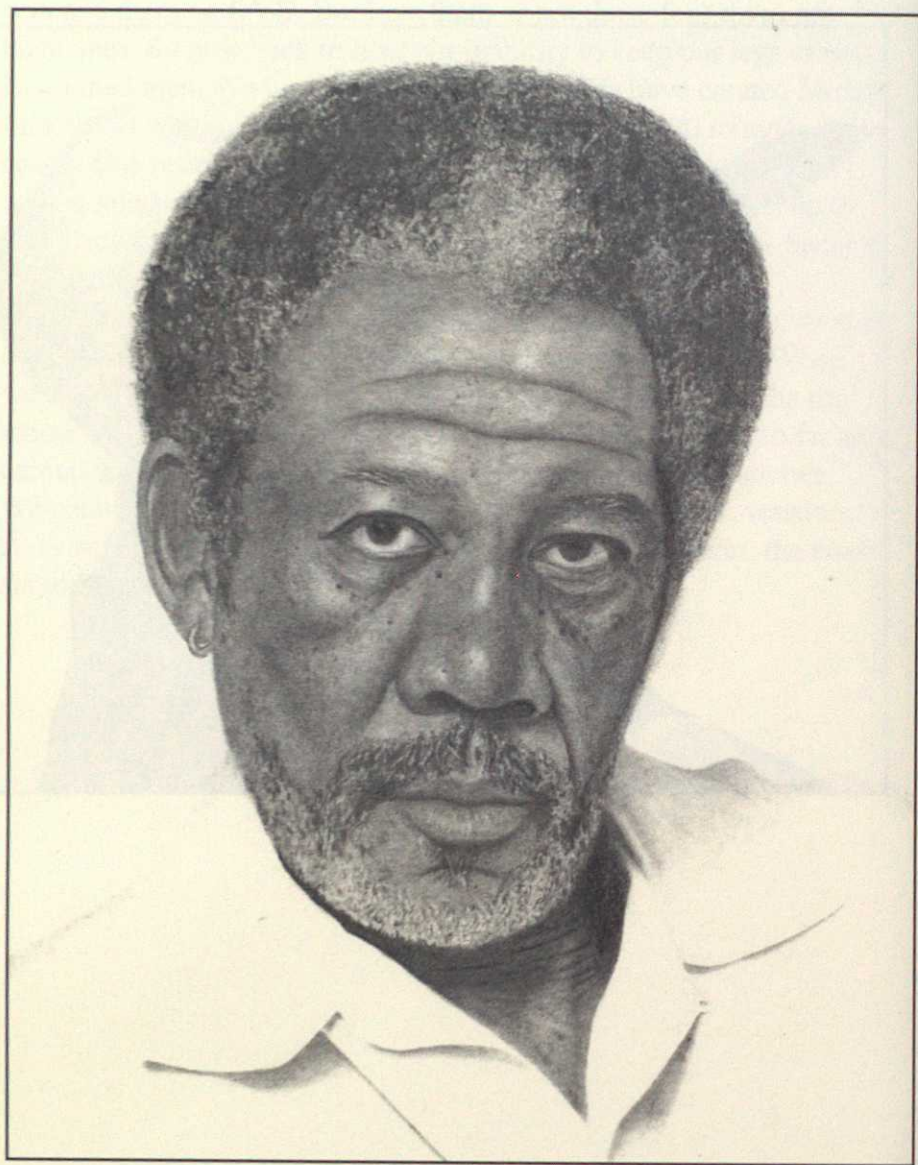
Hitchcock

Meghan Ballback



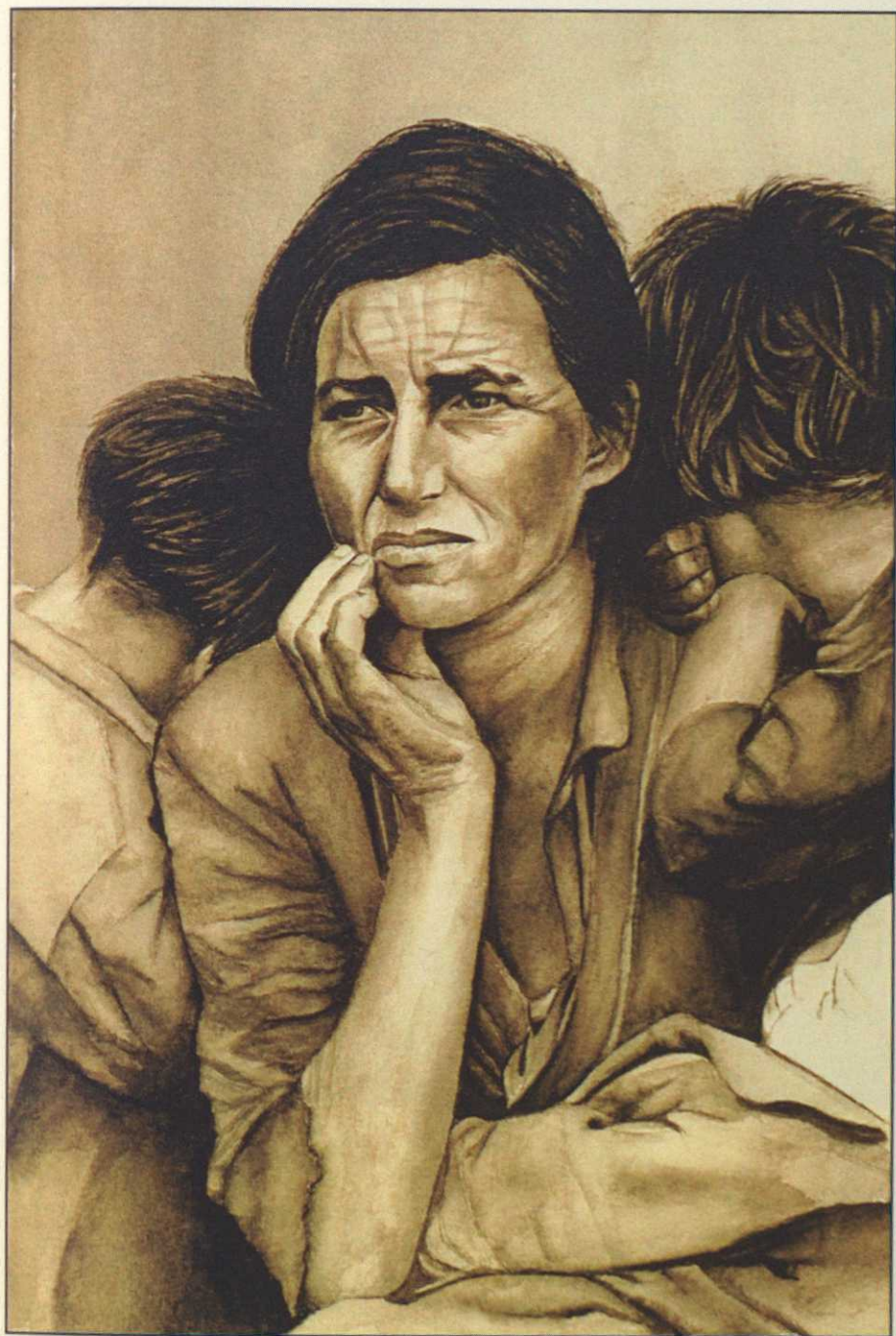
Morgan

Taylor Brietbardt



Mother & Sons

Ashley Flynn



Masterpiece

Nicole Ayers

A canvas of black with swirling wisps of
Purple clouds playing peek-a-boo with stars
That glisten in the endless sky above,
More beautiful than *The Swing* by Renoir.

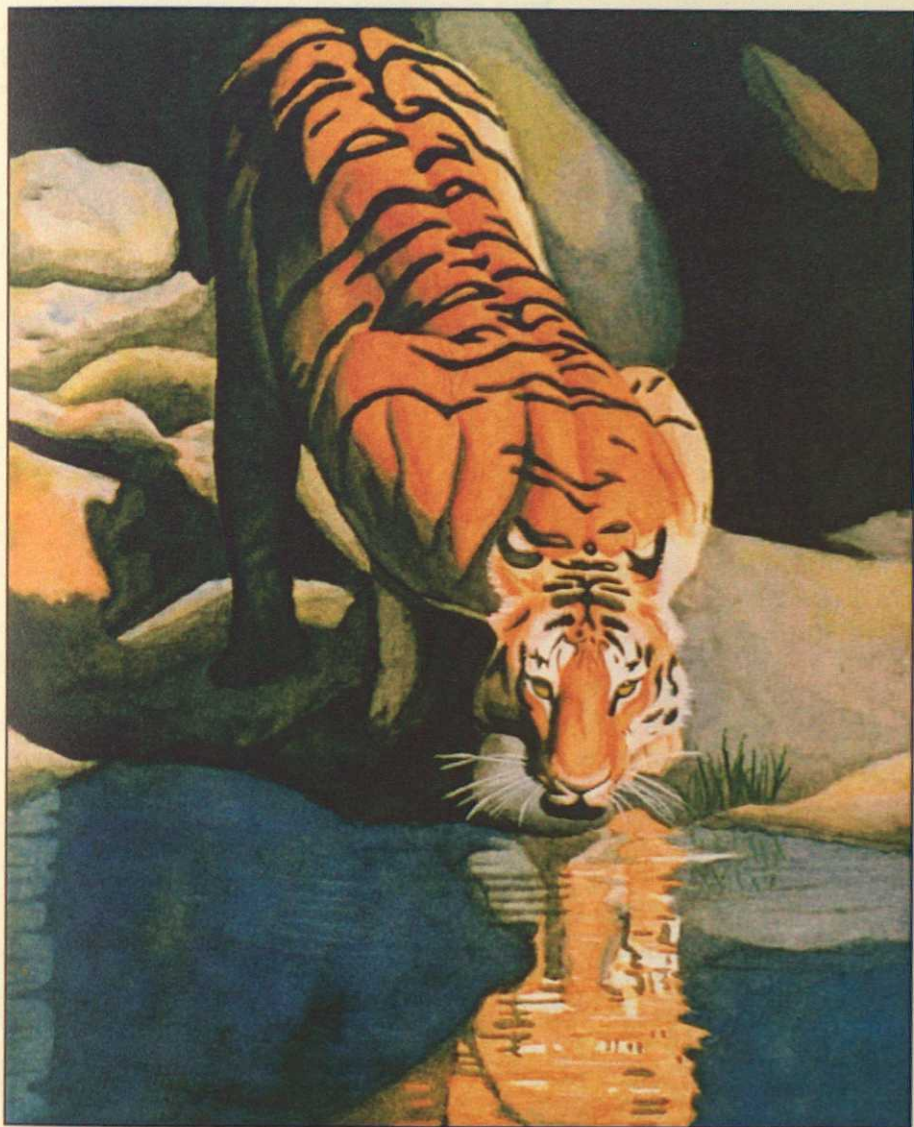
Each brush stroke creating more dimension,
Hints of yellow in a round white moon,
Capturing our eye and admiration
Like Monet's *Ile Saint-Martin*, *Vetheuil*.

Dashes and lines coming together
To create a moment when skies aglow
Evoke a feeling held close to heart; never
Quite like *Starry Night* by Vincent Van Gogh.

The art of this world can be found within
Eyes of artists with a canvas—begin.

Watering Hole

A J Seagraves



Tomatoes, tomatoes...

Sandy Sillo

Every year, just about the time when the steam rises in anxious exhaustion from the wet pavement, my family and I pile into my mother's mini-van, blast the air-conditioning, and take the short drive to my grandparents' house, that I liked to call, "Mema's house." Their home harbors so many memories from my childhood that it is sometimes hard to speak of them.

My grandparents had the most enormous backyard, with a red barn, grey furry kittens, baby chicks, red-eyed rabbits, and every type of flower imaginable lining the house. When I was a child, I thought that Mema should have held an annual carnival in her backyard, complete with her heart-shaped raspberry macaroons, white-coated crumb cake, and her overly-frosted butter cookies that tasted of sweet apricots. We'd make a fortune.

I imagined Mema standing behind the food booth, waiting by the oven, with one hand on her hip and a fork in the other, watching the pizza frita sizzle on the burner. I can think of no other woman who makes better pizza frita than Mema Sillo, simply because it tastes of her. She always served it on paper plates with a coat of spicy red sauce and grated parmesan cheese sprinkled on top. Having this carnival, I presumed, could raise enough money for a swimming pool that I begged my grandparents to put in their backyard. Of course, the pool was never put in, but I still hoped for it.

However, the thought was put to rest as I peered into the empty backyard. The double-door garage was open and I saw Mema stirring the tomatoes with one of the largest wooden spoons I have ever seen. As I stepped out of the car, I wished for a cool breeze, but Mother Nature did not send me one ounce of relief from this horrible storm of heat.

I greeted Poppi with a smile and kissed him on his rosy cheek. His hair was plastered to his tan forehead and he wore an old white undershirt speckled with dirt and tomato juice. Poppi was the type of man who always had tears in his almond-shape eyes and I always wondered why; just as I wondered why he chose to wear long pants within the sticky months of the summer. He looked as though he wanted to sit down for lunch when it was only ten-thirty in the morning.

When I approached Mema she was surrounded by a cloud of steam and it was so hot that I wanted to run away. But, when she put her hand on my shoulder, I felt at ease. I smiled as I peeked into the bubbling pot of tomatoes that simmered on a tiny burner. Even amidst the humidity, Mema always wore that same contagious smile. If I forget all things in life, I know I will never forget the way her lips curled into a smile that made her eyes dance.

At the far end of the garage, I saw what looked like a small field of tomatoes scattered on top of old blankets and jackets. Now, I thought, my mother will never have an excuse for not making dinner. I waved to Aunt Johanna and Uncle Ricky, who stood next to mountains of Tupperware exploding with chopped tomatoes.

I watched as Uncle Ricky and Poppi carried the tomatoes into the backyard and rinsed them twice with the garden hose. After they were washed

and dried, Uncle Ricky dumped them into the round plastic salad bowls that surrounded us. While we were slicing the plump tomatoes, my cousins and I talked, laughed and ate soggy bread with watery tomato juice slathered on top. I can't remember tasting anything so good.

We spent all day in Mema's garage, chopping and slicing tomatoes, being sure to remove any dirt or mushy parts that looked strange. Mema also told us to be sure to smell each one because if we allowed a rotten one to slip in, the entire sauce would be spoiled. Knowing this, I inspected each one with great deliberation. If I was ambivalent with the status of a particular tomato, I pulled on my mother's sleeve and asked her to check it for me.

Once the bowls began to overflow with tomatoes, Uncle Ricky walked over to Mema and poured them into the crackling pot to boil. Mema took a few steps back, yet I smiled because she was still squirted by the hot juice that sputtered in all directions. I watched as she reentered the tantalizing circle of steam, poured salt from the container and added fresh parsley, shiny green peppers, basil leaves, and minced celery cubes.

While we were chopping, my brother and Aunt Johanna gradually scooped up the cut-up tomatoes and tossed them into Mema's tomato grinder. The machine was as old as my grandmother so it stopped working every so often, and they had to wait for it to cool down, but I figured this was all part of the process. As a child, I was amazed by how it worked. My Aunt Joanna referred to it as the "ultimate plunger," and I agreed. Mema's tomato grinder shook the entire table and it used to make me tremble in fear. I used to believe that there were shark teeth crunching inside the funnel-like-piece where the tomatoes were smashed. However, Aunt Johanna assured me that sharks existed in the depths of the ocean and that it was just a machine. Only years later did I believe her.

Once the tomatoes were sent through and grinded, there were two different spouts that emerged on either side of the machine. One spout released the skin and seeds and the other spout released the hot tomato juice that splattered out and trickled into a large pot. Just before the juice reached the top of the pot, Uncle Ricky grabbed it and placed it back on the burner to boil.

After, we poured the steaming juice into sterile tomato jars, we capped them with special tops that had been boiling in water and sealed them with lids. Then, we quickly wrapped the jars with old sheets of newspaper and placed them upside-down in a wooden bushel. Once the process was completed, I didn't care that I had dirt in my hair and tomato juice painted all over my shirt, I just needed to lounge on the couch and take a nap.

But, as I stood amidst the stacks of old newspaper and empty wine boxes, holding Mema's long wooden spoon in my hand, I felt as though I was standing outside of my grandparents' little stone home in Italy again, surrounded by infinite fields of cherry trees.

Dear Nostalgia

Taylor M. Blume

Dear Nostalgia.

It's official, I've bitten my nails to the core and they've done their share of bleeding. I held my breath, and watched the clock, letting time pass, floating there; lifeless. And, I'm burning up in four layers of clothing in the middle of hot, humid Spring. Spring. Ever so clearly chewing at my neck and cracking at my bones. It all feels like it did, two years ago. Two years when we held hands and danced on corpses beneath us; the graveyard, our burial. It was the most beautiful place we came upon, our vent, our audience. Snaps and claps, moans and groans, we danced until our knees flew forward and our feet gave in to the screams of under-low zombies, complaining of the ruckus above their silhouette heads. Crazy teenagers, we were; laughing at dirt that came with the wind, even if it hit us straight in the face or blinded our eyes. We were kids. Still too young to know the difference between love and wisdom. Contagious to anxiety, infested with stupidity; two souls, who, from different heart's and dignity, came to one. Arm in arm, chin to chin, voice by voice.

I said I respected your choices in life, you said you supported my aspects. We had views, different and alike. I spilled myself, you confessed. Our opinions were one, just as our body came to play. But, you laughed at the image you once knew, a girl, clumsy and fragile. And, in return I laughed in the face of an image I once called "friend", a boy, lost and distant, who laughed back and appointed names. So, I waved "goodbye" one night, and with stuffed pockets, walked to the cozy fire we'd burn sheets of diaries on. I sunk to the floor, watching auburn flames fade and squirm, knowing I, too, could be thrown like paper, and then I let you. Against the wall, I fell face-to-face, and our conversation wasn't the loveliest, but arguments didn't come easy either. I chewed my nails, and the words choked in a place you'd poke with a feather when I'd fall asleep in the woods. You laughed, and criticism became you're new name, which you wore dearly. From your chest, I could see an sentiment; you loved, but all you showed was wanting to be loved.

And, then we drifted.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

Taylor M. Blume

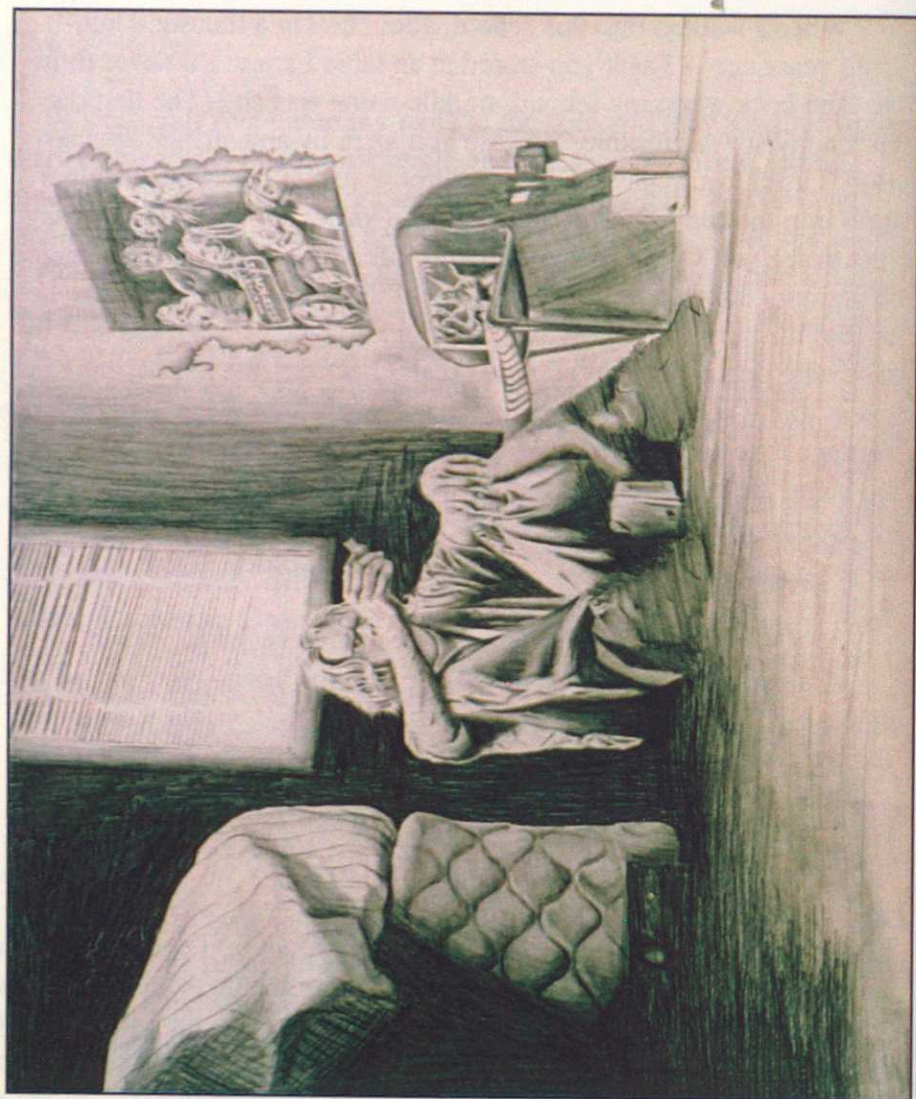
When I walked into this school, about nearly a thousand hundred years ago -- I saw you seated at an table I knew I'd never fit in at. And back when my second, middle name was shy (The first one is "happy/stupid/gullible," in case you were by any chance wondering), I used to slip passed you on purpose just to hear your laughter spill into the canvas of my lobe and you know, it brightened my day just to see you with happiness in your life. I guess stupid me changed amazingly fast and forgot mostly about the important things, like how to find the nerve to say "Hi" once in awhile when we walked side by side with one another, (you never really noticed, due to gossiping but I guess that's not bad?) Funny how the cycle represents an daily average teenage love-sick video, and even more the entertainment how I end up being the pathetic idiot that gets crushed in the end. Was it worth it? Everynight before bedtime bending and prayer making, I stare at poster walls; neon and silver with attention disorder. "Dear God. Was it really worth it?"

And in case you were wondering, you are everything to me.

Amazing how when I bumped into you just today, you smiled and said, "Hi!" but idiotic how you had to say the first words. Conversing for a minute was just fine by me; something in the History if not marked. Did you know how much I just wanted to grab your hand? But, I know how much you would've been freaking out. Shit -- you didn't even know my name. In fact, I had to repeat myself three times to the least and by now, when you're watching your sitcom television shows that I despise but can put aside, I bet you won't even remember me by tomorrow. I can't tell you what I've bottled up aside and I wrote you a few love-tipped letters that I even posted up on the internet. You won't be able to read it. You don't know my screen name, let alone my existence and I've no nerve to message you. If I even thought of being brave, our conversation would last nearly an minute or two. You'd say something amazingly believable that I'd take personally and leave me hanging, or I'd be dragged by my hair to dark locked rooms where I'll write a thousand and more letters to you.

Decisions

Martin Kolwicz



Left Behind

Christopher Crutchfield

They stink. Every portable toilet I have ever been to has stunk like excrement and that pink urinal cake smell. I'm serious when I say this: Hubert Wriggly smelled just like this. I would sneak looks at him in the cafeteria to see if he would snack on one after eating some meat-loaf or something. I never caught him.

This kid was nuts. You know that type that ran everywhere and got nowhere? That's Hubert. Imagine the anguish his distant relatives must have felt when they realized their nephew or grandchild had been named "Hubert." It should be a crime to name a child something socially awkward, a misdemeanor at least.

At any rate this kid reeked and well, making friends really does not come easy after offending olfactories. Hey guys what's up? Jesus Christ, take a bath, you faggot. An ironic insult to a kid whose father left him for a younger man and whose mother moved them into a trailer so she could smoke meth with her Hispanic boyfriend, José, who I hear cooked a mean bean burrito when he was actually hungry.

Anyway, this kid stank and was nuts and that usually makes for interesting stories. This isn't one of those. Really it is quite boring and you are wasting your time. Go outside or something.

Hubert ended up working at McDonald's after graduating. He was the type that gets "pushed" through, though he was dirty and not violent.

They would not let him work counter on account of his filth. It's a wonder they let him work at all.

The sky was black and the bugs were humming and Hubert had just left the restaurant with his red cap pulled down low, the greasy ends of his black hair shooting out from the back. Hubert's eyes always kinda bugged out but for whatever reason he didn't see the group of kids stoned or drunk that were bored enough to mess with him. And here comes Hubert with his hands shoved far down in his turquoise windbreaker and his red cap tucked way down and I'm sure stinking like all high heaven and these kids think he needs more trouble than he already has.

Stop.

This isn't working.

One day Billy Franchise walked to school. Billy attended 7th grade at Hurst Middle School.

Okay so Hubert "wakes" up and there's this pre-pubescent punk poking him with a stick, clearly amused/bewildered at this bloody/dirty McDonald's employee curled into a fetal position in some dirt near some bushes.

Hey mister. What. Hurt? No shit. Coughing blood tasting iron and can't move my arm. I'll go get help.

By help Billy meant getting his friend Jimmy and a longer stick.

When "help" finally did arrive Hubert was quite pale and foul smelling and he had been crying so his bug eyes were redder than usual. They almost matched his cap. And when he was in the hospital his mother or father or even José did not come or call because his father was on a cruise with his new boyfriend and the trailer did not have a telephone (Hubert wondered if it would have mattered).

And they washed him. That sponge never saw it coming. No, Hubert didn't either, though he didn't resist (Hubert with his turquoise windbreaker, his black hair, and his red cap).

Relatively clean, relatively unnoticed Hubert walked back to the trailer in his windbreaker with his arm in a cast and eyes dry now and still that cap with the black, black hair and wondered what he would say when he got back to his mother and José tweaking or trying to tweak or having sex. He met a mix of those and did not end up saying anything just going to his "room" and laid on his cot and looked at the paneled ceiling and would have counted the little nips on the faux-stucco but could not count that high on account of his lack of ability.

The night was long. He could not sleep. He could hear moaning. Then he heard crying. He was crying. The night was hot and then cold and then hot again. Time passed as it always did and he sunk his face into the foam of the small lump he called a pillow and smelled the grease from his black hair and the burgers he cooked. He wanted to vomit. If he could get it all out: the memories, the smells, the turquoise windbreaker maybe he could reach some sense of normalcy.

He never quite did.

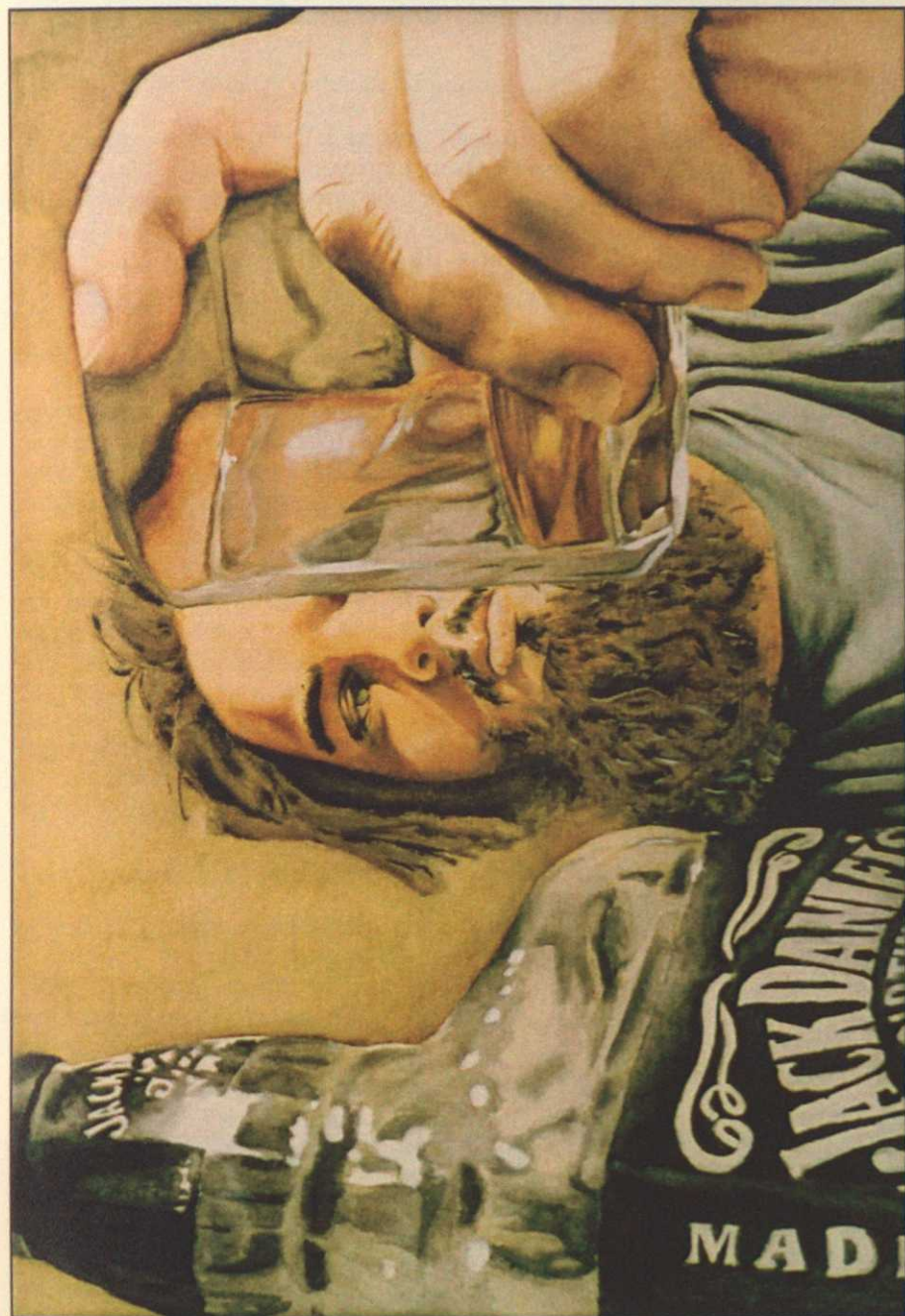
He could be cooking your food, though. He could decrypt the symbols from the monitor that you don't always see in the back of the restaurant and upon doing that remove the pickles from your number one. He probably does not abuse your food the way that he has been abused, ignored. It is all routine now: the pace of the fast food industry is too quick for emotion.

What he will do is move into a trailer next to his mother's where he can hear her tweaking or having sex or eating bean burritos. He will furnish that trailer with rented furniture and a shapeless wife that he will feed food from his restaurant. She will bear him two daughters that gauge their happiness depending on the prize from their Happy Meal.

This is the life of a man. If only there were more to him, like how at one time when he was four, before he fell out of his loft, he wanted to go to space and jump on the moon. Ironic, though, then, how he rooted himself so deep to the earth and the cows and the dirt and the turquoise windbreaker that he never saw the time slip him by and by and by his daughters left him for their Josés and Huberts and he and his shapeless wife would lay at night watching fuzzy television and finishing their Filet-O-Fish or Chicken McNuggets and try and wonder: What next?

Jack Daniels

Martin Kolwicz



Brimstone

Christine Fahey

Setting: Brimstone, a local American bar in central Jersey.

Time: 2004

Stage: Full Bar setting including stools, upstage left. Five tables, one of which only has room for two, with chairs clustered downstage, one of which will be center. Sign on the bar says Brimstone with a dragon wrapped around the Medieval-style Lettering. Piano player is upstage right, very low key. Waitress mixing drinks behind the bar. The bar is empty except for the help.

[Enter Ben and Dave]

(Ben and Dave, walk in the door. Before they even get to the center table, waitress walks up and hands them two beers. One guy, Dave, looks surprised but grabs it and continues to follow Ben to the table. Ben drinks throughout scene and Dave sporadically drinks during scene whenever actors feel comfortable unless otherwise mentioned. Ben is a heavy drinker, Dave drinks to be polite)

BEN: Gotta love the service here.

DAVE: *(smiles in memory then looks around at the empty bar)* Yeah. It's always been pretty good. Where is everybody?

BEN: Lots of people are all offended by the five o'clock happy hour. They don't understand that you can drink to be social and not be an alcoholic. Fuckin' hippies. I bet they voted Clinton.

DAVE: *(Laughing)* You sayin' only Republicans go boozin'?

BEN: *(sets up the joke)* Nah, I'm just sayin' Republicans strike first. Don't know what's more American than gettin' dollar drafts at the bar. Punk ass liberals always tryin' to tell everyone they have a problem. *(higher voice)* You bomb terrorists. Oooh you don't want to kill babies. Oooh these trees are more important than the economy. Fuckin' tree huggers... they don't appreciate the happy hour experience.

DAVE: *(shrugs the rant off)* All I know is happy hour's cheap. And relaxin'.

BEN: *(chuckles and salutes the bar with his glass)* That's it. Good ol' Brimstone. What a great name for a bar. Stone forged outta fire. Makes me think of swordfights and dragons. Magic and shit. Remember all that crap they used to tell us?

DAVE: King Arthur and Merlin and all those saps? *(shakes head, laughing)* God, Mrs. Johansen tried so hard to drill that into us. *(mock solemn voice)*

The Once and Future King. Jesus. She used to get so excited about chivalry and knights and honor.

BEN: That lady had great legs. I learned a hell of a lot that year. Women loved that chivalry shit.

DAVE: Didn't this become one of our bits?

BEN: (*laughing*) Yup. Girls used to be up at the bar over there, we'd start talking about knights and chivalry, remember? We used to time it: guaranteed less than five minutes and they'd be right here, sliding up to our table, all hangin' on our every word. We'd act all embarrassed to be caught talkin' 'bout nerd shit like that. They'd eat it up! Few drinks later, maybe a dancin' out on the floor to a good song... fuckin' A, that shit was locked up.

DAVE: Best bit in the Northeast. Bar none.

BEN: (*holds up glass*) To Mrs. Johansen, who got us more ass than she'll ever know!

(*Both clink glasses and knock them back*)

DAVE: (*still chuckling to himself*) I haven't thought about that in years. Remember that other bit you worked out? The one where you'd play like five songs in the jukebox? Fast ones. Good ones everyone would sing along with-- then all of a sudden something soft and slow would pop up. You'd start to sing along and nobody could believe you could sing so well. It even used to amaze me sometimes (*beat*) and I saw you pull that bit at least twice a week. I don't think you ever went home alone once you started to sing.

BEN: Yeah (*stretches and says arrogantly*) I was just that good.

DAVE: (*Laughing*) I did pretty well for myself too though.

BEN: (*Smiles and nods*) That you did, Davy, that you did. (*drinks and sounds cocky*) Ya could never keep up with me though. I don't know how many girls I begged to bring some friends to meet you. (*laughs*) I'd make up so much shit. (*puts on a voice*) "Gee babe think you can bring one of your friends along? I don't wanna leave Dave alone tonight. Or Dave just broke up with his girlfriend and we gotta take him out, show him a good time. Or Dave's just looking for the right girl to settle down with, he's tired of the party girls. Dave just needs someone to restore his faith in women."

DAVE: Okay! Okay! (*holds up hands in mock surrender*) All right all right! We did pretty damn well for ourselves, didn't we Ben?

BEN: Yeah we did. (*pause, smiles*) Yeah we did.

DAVE: (*notices an ad on the table and reads aloud*) Tuesday Nights Brimstone Karaoke. Jesus I can't believe we used to go to crap like that religious-

ly. We were obsessed. I was sooo terrible I used to---

BEN: (*interrupts*) need a coupla Jack and Cokes before you'd get up there. (*laughs*) Jesus that was fun. That was the best part some nights, beltin' out (*Sings*) Pour Some Sugar on Me. In the name of love. Pour Some sugar on me. Come on fire me upppp" Or Sweet Caroline bum bum BUM Good times never seem so good (*yells*) so good! so good! so good! I've been inclined bum bum BUM... (*drifts off*)...

DAVE: (*Picks up tune*) to believe they never would...

BEN: (*grateful for the help*) Or remember this one? (*sings*) We've got to hold on to what we've got 'Cause it doesn't make a difference if we make it or not. We've got each other and that's a lot for love - We'll give it a shot. (*Dave sings along*) Ohhhhhh We're half way there - Whoaaaaa Ohhhhhh! Livin' on a prayer Take my hand and we'll make it I swear - Ohhhhhh livin' on a prayer! (*Ben salutes Dave with his beer for remembering then continues to speak*) That was my favorite. Got the whole bar goin.' (*drinks Pause*) That's what it was all about. Hangin' out at the bar in the middle of the afternoon. Singin' and drinkin' with your friends 'til Johnny had to kick us out. (*Waitress comes over with two fresh glasses, collects the two empties. Dave subtly looks into his glass for a bit, swirls beer around*)

BEN: Look at this place for Christ sake! It's what, 4:30? It used to be that we could call someone up any day of the week and be like hey, lets go get a drink and we'd show up and there'd be like at least five guys and a coupla girls ready to party. Where are all the college kids blowin' off class to have a good time? Where are all the teams drinkin' before practice? Or the idiots celebratin' finally passin' a test? Don't they go to bars anymore? Doesn't anyone need a drink at five? I mean, don't they know what this place is about?

DAVE: I don't know, Ben. Me and you, we're old school.

BEN: (*defeated*) Maybe I am gettin' too old for this shit. I mean look at this place now. Its us, Stella, and ol' Max back there, (*says with a smile*) playin' that piano just as sure he's still breathin. Guess we're the only ones left who understand. (*drinks*) (*Pause*) I just don't like to think there's nobody like us left, ya know? I mean, it was good back then, right? It was fun? We turned out ok, didn't we?

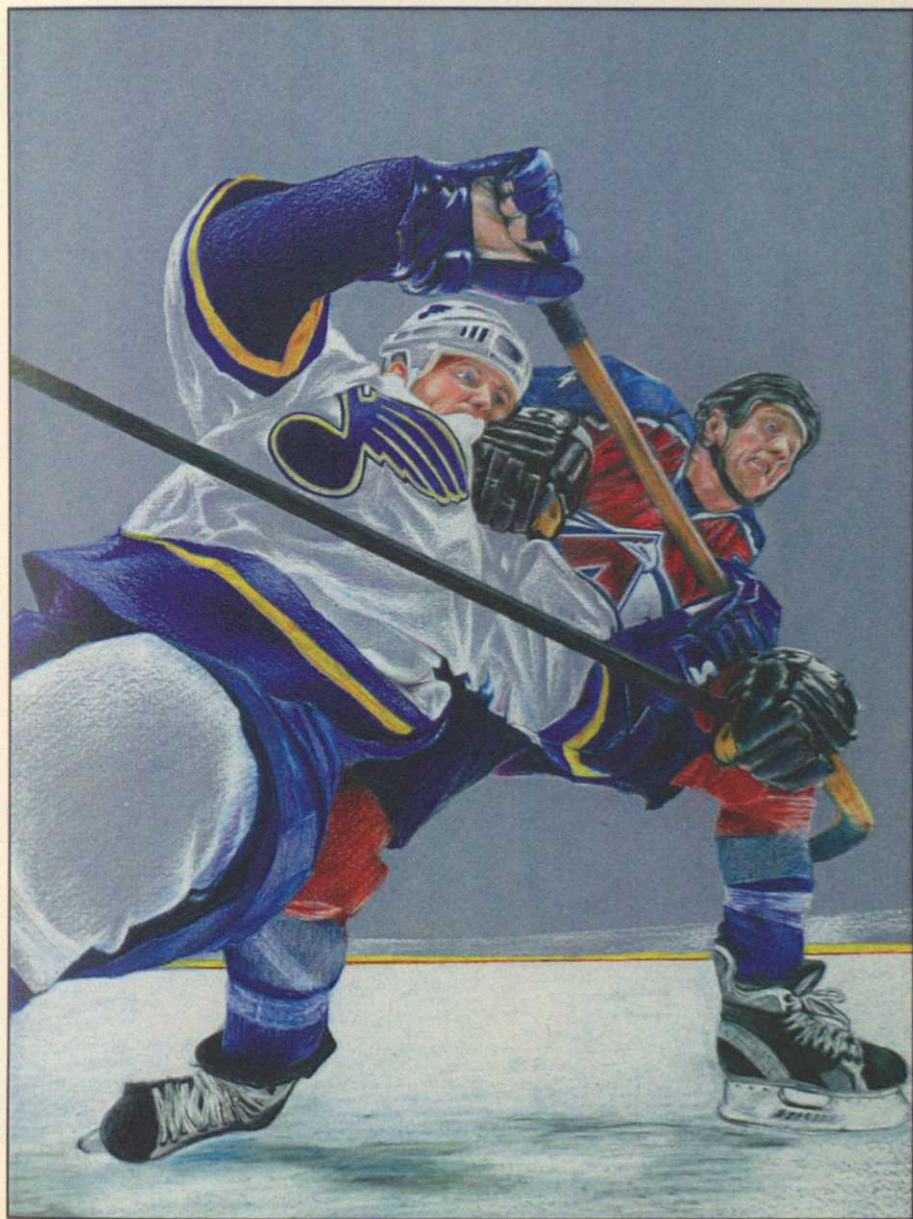
DAVE: (*gently*) We did alright.

BEN: (*takes exception to Dave's tone/implication and snaps out of it. and takes big drink, comes back with attitude.*) So what brings you back Dave? Ain't like you to grace us with your presence very often. . . .

Continued online at:
http://www.sacredheart.edu/pages/13335_brimstone_christine_fahey.cfm

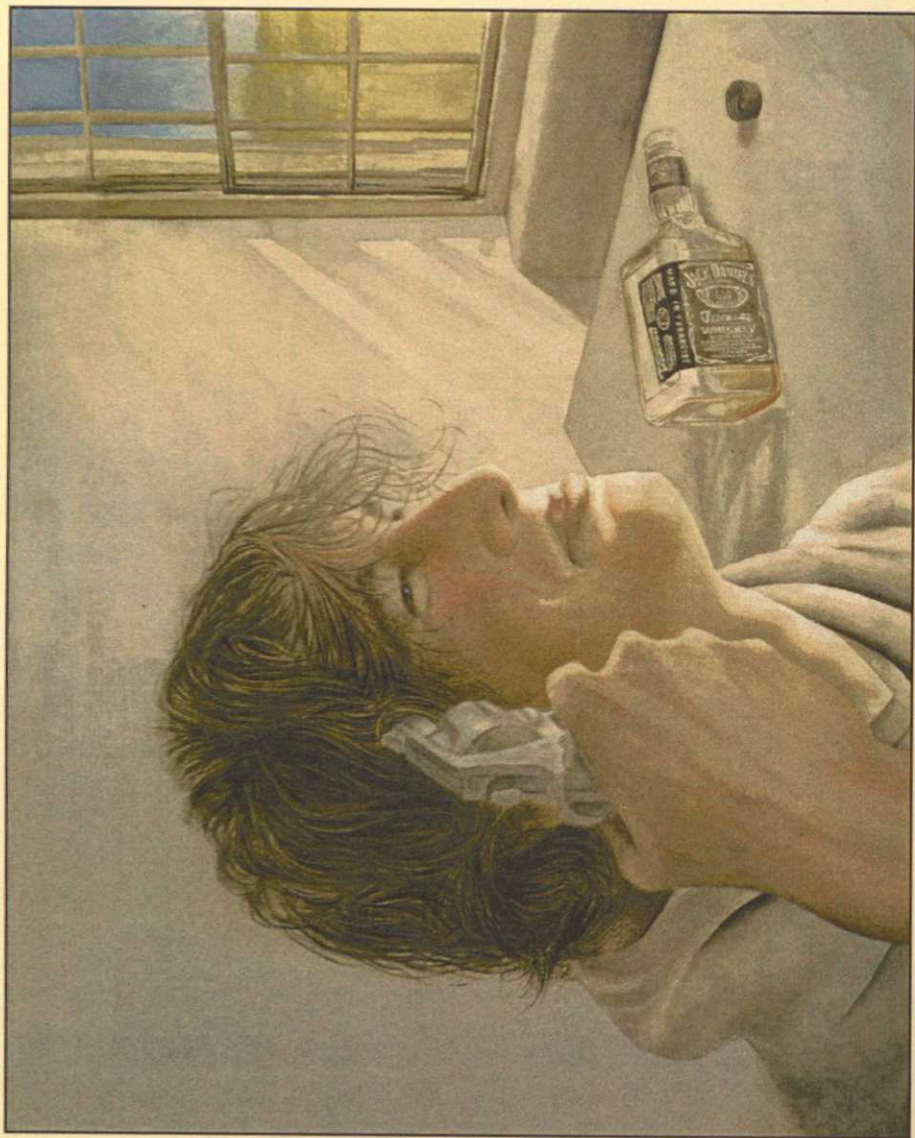
Slam

Michael Ivers



Escape

Jason Roeder



Back and Forth.

Brendan McAuley

through the window the verdant old hill
protrudes familiarly up over the horizon.
she sits in an unfinished wooden rocking chair.
it creaks with every movement:
back and forth and back and forth and back and forth and
i remember, she says, when i was a flower
on the side of that hill

clouds amble about the midday sky.
this, it seems is life.

her gaze falls upon the hill as she rocks.
silently, it begins to rain—
each drop is unnoticeable and blurry at first,
like the foreground of a faded photograph when
then focus is on some distant thing.

a tear shaped time capsule splashes on the window pane.
she becomes aware of the rain
and turns away.

eyes closed and sitting still now,
rain falling against the black of her eyelids,
each lonely drop becomes a note
from some familiar
song dew sliding down and off a flower
petal a tear a smile a whisper memories
gently cascading off the soft cellophane lining of time.
silently, she begins to cry.

in the image of the rain through welled up eyes
she loses sight of the old hill.

the chair begins to rock
back and forth and back and forth and
with a sigh she thinks yes, this is life—

Contributors

Horizons

CARLA ASECIO is an English major from Beacon Falls, CT. She plans on graduating in May of 2008.

NICOLE AYERS is a sophomore from Salem, MA, majoring in Biochemistry.

MEGHAN BALLBACK from Brunswick, MI, is graduating in May 2008 with a BA in Art: Illustration.

TAYLOR BLUME is a psychology major from Branford, CT. She is a member of the class of 2009 and this is her first publication.

TAYLOR BREITBART is an illustration major with an emphasis in graphic design. She has been a part time student at Sacred Heart since 2000. She is originally from Fairfield and now lives in Black Rock with her husband, Tyler.

SAMANTHA CERAMI is an English major from Mahwah, NJ. She has previously published in *Calliope Literary Magazine*.

JESSICA CIEMNIECKI is a senior English major from Brooklyn, New York.

KATRINA COLL is a member of the class of 2007 and is an Accounting major. She is originally from Richmond, NH and has published a short story, "Strange Cat," in *The Richmond Rooster*, a local newspaper.

CHRISTOPHER CRUTCHFIELD is a senior from Woodbury, CT. He is double majoring in Chemistry and English and has been twice published in previous editions of *Horizons*. He will be in graduate school at Princeton in the fall.

AMY DESCHENES is a senior English major from Tiverton, RI. She will attend graduate school at Northeastern University in the fall.

CHRISTINE FAHEY is a senior English major from the Bronx, NY. She has had previous creative work published in *Horizons*.

F. VANCE FAZZINO is originally from Norwalk, CT. In the past his work has been published in *Good Old Days Magazine* and by Green Prints Publishers. He plans to graduate with a degree in English in 2007 and is in the process of writing a historical novel, based on the life of an obscure Sicilian sculptor.

ASHLEY FLYNN is a Studio Arts major from Oceanside, NY. She is graduating in May 2006 and plans to attend graduate school in the fall to pursue a career in art education.

TRAVIS FLYNN is a senior English and media studies double major from Milford, CT. Previous publications include Connecticut Post, Milford Living Magazine, *The Sacred Heart Spectrum*, and *Pioneer Magazine*.

LINDSAY HALLE is a junior from Storrs, Connecticut. She plans to graduate in May 2007 with a degree in English.

DANIEL HAMPTON is a Finance major from Bridgeport, CT. He plans on graduating in May of 2008.

ELYSE HARRELL is a junior Media Studies major from Staten Island, NY. She plans on attending graduate school, and never growing up.

MICHAEL IVERS is a 21 year old senior from Philadelphia, PA. He is a Graphic Design major.

MARTIN KOLWICZ is majoring in Art, Illustration, and Graphic Design. He plans to pursue a career in Illustration and Graphic Design.

STEPHANIE LAWLESS is a sophomore English major from Milford, CT. Her previous publication is in the *Milford Mirror*.

PAMELA MANNS from Stockholm, NJ. She plans to graduate with a degree in Political Science in 2006.

ERIN MAURER is an English major from Meriden, CT. She plans on graduating in August of 2006.

BRENDAN McCAULEY is a senior from Hicksville, New York, majoring in English.

SHAUN MITCHELL is a Sophomore from Cresskill, New Jersey, majoring in English with a concentration in writing. In addition to *Horizons*, Mitchell has also been published in *The Sacred Heart Spectrum*.

MATTHEW ROBINSON will graduate in May of 2006. He is from Rumford, RI, and is double-majoring in English and Philosophy.

JASON ROEDER is pursuing a double major in graphic design and illustration.

ANDREW SEAGRAVES is an Art, Graphic Design/ Illustration major from Pennsville, NJ. He plans to graduate in the May 2007. He also plans to attend graduate school before pursuing a job in Graphic Design or Illustration.

SANDY SILLO is an English major from New Canaan, CT. She plans to graduate in 2008.

ATHENA SORIERO is an English major from Southington, CT and is a member of the class of 2005.

JEFF TALBOT is a senior from Oxford who majors in English.

Editors

Horizons

AMY DESCHENES is a senior English major from Tiverton, Rhode Island. She will graduate in May 2006 and plans to attend Northeastern University to do graduate work in English.

EVAN GILLETTE is a sophomore from Rochester, NY. He is majoring in Information Technology. He plans on graduating in December of 2007 but will continue on to go for his masters degree in IT.

ELYSE HARRELL is a Media Studies Major from Staten Island, NY. She plans on graduating in May of 2007. She plans on going to graduate school.

BRAD HOLLAND is an English major from British Columbia, Canada. He graduates in May of 2006.

MICHAEL A. SMITH is originally from Canton, MA. He plans to graduate in May of 2006 with a BA in English Literature and a Certificate in Catholic Studies.

The Creative and Performing Arts at Sacred Heart University

Housed in the College of Arts & Sciences and rooted in liberal arts tradition, the creative and performing arts at Sacred Heart University strive to provide each student with an awareness of and an appreciation for the beauty and order of artistic endeavor. The creative and performing arts inculcates an aesthetic approach to the physical worlds of sight, sound, and space, emphasizing not only the achievement of creativity, but the very processes that foster those achievements. They afford students multiple opportunities to develop their imaginations, employ their unique creative activities, discover themselves as aesthetic beings, acquire knowledge about the world of art, and ultimately become makers of the beauty and order they have been taught, by their study of the creative performing arts.

Additionally, the creative and performing arts serve to enrich the university at large. By summoning from within all of us a response, to our spiritual and aesthetic needs, by fulfilling the desire for order felt by all, by allowing us to indulge our mysterious sense of the beautiful, by connecting us to the historic treasury of art, music, drama, literature, photography, and film, in short, by teaching and delighting, the creative and performing arts play an integral and critical role in helping us realize fully our essential humanity.

Dedicated to an interdisciplinary and multifaceted nature of the creative and performing arts, Horizons is a student edited journal that showcases the talent of Sacred Heart University in writing, art, and photography. These works by students strive to awaken sensibilities, to challenge assumptions, and to extend and encourage lively debate.

As a student edited journal, student editors are needed in poetry, fiction, drama, art and photography. Independent study hours are possible. For information about becoming a student editor or submitting work to Horizons, please contact Dr. Sandra Young, faculty editor, English and Modern Foreign Languages.

For more information about the creative and performing arts at Sacred Heart University, please contact Art and Design, English, Media Studies, and Music.

